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AGE OF FABLE



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1918



2



1

THE AGE OF FABLE

BY

THOMAS BULFINCH

Told in words of one syllable

BY

EDGAR LEE

Illustrated by

CARL TRACY HAWLEY

THE SAALFIELD PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO

AKRON, OHIO

NEW YORK

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IN-TRO-DUC-TION

That you may un-der-stand this book, I must tell of the people who first told these sto-ries to *their* chil-dren. We know them now as the An-cient Greeks, who lived man-y, man-y hun-dreds of years a-go in Greece, and who not at all knew things as we know them to-day.

They said the world was flat and cir-cu-lar, like the plates on your moth-er's din-ner ta-ble; that their coun-try was the mid-dle of the earth, and its cen-tral point Mount O-lym-pus, where dwelt the gods they wor-shiped or feared, and that in the Tem-ple of Del-phos these gods spoke to the peo-ple.

A sea they called the Med-i-ter-ra-ne-an, which means "mid-dle of the earth," crossed the world from west to east. A-round the edge of the earth flowed the Riv-er O-cean. On it were nev-er storms or tem-pests, and all the riv-ers of the earth had their wa-ters from it.

In the north, lived the Hy-per-bo-re-ans, a hap-py folk who dwelt in ev-er-last-ing bliss and con-stant spring-time, be-yond great moun-tains from whose cav-erns came the north winds that chilled the peo-ple of Greece. Hy-per-bo-re-a could not be reached by land or sea; its peo-ple nev-er died of dis-ease or old age, were nev-er wear-y, for they did not la-bor; they just lived in per-fect bliss and peace. On the south side of the earth, close to the Riv-er O-cean, lived a peo-ple

as good and hap-py as the Hy-per-bo-re-ans. They were the E-thi-o-pi-ans; these peo-ple were so high-ly fa-vored that the gods would some-times leave Mount O-lym-pus to at-tend their ban-quets and fes-ti-vals.

A-long the west edge of the earth, on the banks of the Riv-er O-cean, was a hap-py place where good Greeks were ta-ken gen-tly by the gods to en-joy bliss for-ev-er. It was named "The E-lys-ian Plain," or "For-tu-nate Fields," or "Isles of the Blessed." Way be-yond these lands, the Greeks be-lieved there dwelt hor-rid mon-sters and gi-ants.

You can see they real-ly knew noth-ing at all of the earth, for this was ev-er so long be-fore men sailed the seas in ships, and, of course, Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus had not then been heard of.

The sto-ries in this book were all "made up" by the wise men of Greece, who had noth-ing else to do but im-ag-ine things, and yet, as you grow old-er, and un-der-stand things bet-ter, and learn of the won-ders of Na-ture, why the sea-sons change from Spring to Sum-mer, to Au-tumn, to Win-ter; learn of the won-ders of the sun and moon and stars, and man-y oth-er things, you will see these old Greeks had some rea-son for these beau-ti-ful fa-bles. They did not know of God and His wond-rous works, or of His love for us, as we now un-der-stand and know; and so, when you re-mem-ber this, I think you will find some love-ly thoughts in these strange sto-ries of what we call the Age of Myth-ol-o-gy, when peo-ple did not KNOW, and could on-ly GUESS.

E. L.

THE AGE OF FABLE

PAN-DO-RA'S BOX

When this great World was made with the land and sea, riv-ers and moun-tains, fer-tile plains and des-ert pla-ces, no an-i-mals were up-on it. But at last came fish-es for the wa-ter, birds for the air, and beasts for the land. But all the beasts turned their fa-ces to the earth; not one looked up to see the sun and moon and stars, the clouds or the blue sky. So man was made of up-right stat-ure; and he of all the an-i-mals could look up as well as down.

Pro-me-theus and his broth-er, Ep-i-me-theus, were told to give man and all the oth-er an-i-mals the fac-ul-ties they need-ed. Pro-me-theus chose to watch while his broth-er worked.

To one, Ep-i-me-theus gave wings, to an-oth-er claws, to a third a shell-like cov-er-ing; and he be-stowed on them gifts of cour-age, strength, swift-ness and sa-gac-i-ty.

When he came to Man, Ep-i-me-theus had no more to give. He went to his broth-er for help. Aid-ed by Mi-ner-va, Pro-me-theus flew up to the sun, and light-ing a torch at its rays, brought fire down to earth, and gave it to Man. Then Man had pow-er o-ver all the beasts. With fire he could fright-en them; make knives and spears to kill them; tools to build his dwell-ings, and with fire he could warm him-self and de-fy

the cold. Thus you see the great value of fire. As a reward to Pro-metheus and his brother, and to make them happy, Ju-pi-ter sent woman as a gift to man. The first woman was Pan-do-ra. Beauty, persuasion and music were bestowed on her; then she was sent down to earth and presented to Ep-i-me-theus. He was pleased, but his brother bade him beware of Ju-pi-ter and his gifts.

Now, to the home of Ep-i-me-theus, Pan-do-ra brought a box, containing her wedding gifts from Ju-pi-ter. But he had told her not to open the box until he gave her permission.

One day Ep-i-me-theus said he would like to see these gifts. Pan-do-ra said she must wait until Ju-pi-ter gave her permission; but Ep-i-me-theus was impatient, and, at last, to please him, she opened the box, and all the gifts,—they were blessings from Ju-pi-ter,—flew away, except one that was way down in the bottom of the box, and Pan-do-ra, when she saw them escaping, closed the cover quickly and held this one captive. The name of this blessing was Hope, and it remains with man to this day.

THE GOLD-EN AGE

This was the beginning of the “Gold-en Age,” a time of innocence and happiness. Truth and right prevailed; there was no need of laws or courts or prisons. The forest had not been robbed of its trees to furnish timbers for vessels, nor had men built forts around their towns. There

were no such things as swords, spears or hel-mets. The earth gave man all things he need-ed; he did not have to la-bor, to plow or sow. It was al-ways Spring; flow-ers grew with-out seed; riv-ers flowed with milk and wine; sweet syr-ups dis-tilled from the oaks. Sat-urn was the god at that pe-ri-od of the world. At last he was driv-en a-way and Jove took his place.

Un-der Jove, all things be-gan to change. Sum-mer, Au-tumn, and Win-ter came, dri-ving Spring in-to a cor-ner of the year. The wings of the wind were fro-zen with ice and snow; men shiv-ered in the cold in win-ter, or fled from the hot rays of the sun in sum-mer, seek-ing shel-ter in caves. Mod-es-ty, truth and hon-or dis-ap-peared; in their pla-ces came fraud and cun-ning, and love of gain. Men were not sat-is-fied with what the earth gave them; they must dig in-to its sur-face, and from the depths draw forth mis-chiev-ous i-ron and gold. U-sing both as weap-ons, they en-gaged in wars, and soon the earth was wet with the blood of men; fath-ers fought with sons, broth-ers killed broth-ers, and with fire the homes of the peace-ful ones were des-troyed. The gods were en-raged at the con-duct of men, and in dis-gust left the earth to its fate. But men took no heed of this, and con-tin-ued to bat-tle and to slay.

PUN-ISH-MENT

Ju-pi-ter, chief of the gods, called a coun-cil, and all the gods took the road to the Pal-ace of Heav-en.

This road was the Milk-y Way. You can see it on clear nights, stretch-ing a-cross the sky, like a white lace veil. A-long this road were the pal-a-ces of all the great peo-ple of the sky. The com-mon folks lived quite a dis-tance in from the Milk-y Way on eith-er side. A-long the Milk-y Way passed the gods and their fam-i-lies, prom-en-a-ding or in char-i-ots, and as they did not care to be stared at by the poor-er peo-ple, the lat-ter were not per-mit-ted to buy build-ing lots a-long this grand bou-le-vard.

Ju-pi-ter talked with the gods. He spoke of the ter-ri-ble do-ings on the earth, and said he had de-ci-ded to des-troy all the in-hab-it-ants and send new peo-ple to live there, who would be more wor-thy of life on such a beau-ti-ful world. As he said this he took a thun-der-bolt to hurl it at the earth and des-troy it by fire. Just in time he re-mem-bered, or one of the oth-er gods told him, that this would al-so set heav-en on fire and burn up all their pal-a-ces and the Milk-y Way. So he changed his plan and de-ci-ded to drown the world.

Then Ju-pi-ter or-dered that A-quil-o, the North Wind, be chained and that No-tus, the South Wind, be sent out up-on the earth. No-tus soon cov-ered the world with black clouds. These came to-geth-er with a crash, squeez-ing out the wa-ter they car-ried, let-ting it fall in tor-rents of rain on the earth. Crops were laid low; farm-ers saw the la-bor of years des-troyed in a sin-gle hour. But this was not e-nough. So Ju-pi-ter called his broth-er Nep-tune to help him, and Nep-tune let loose the riv-ers, caus-ing them to run o-ver their banks and cov-er the land, and by great earth-

quakes the bot-tom of the o-cean was forced up, and the great wa-ters swept in-land. At last the earth was cov-ered with wa-ter so deep that eve-ry liv-ing thing was drowned. Hous-es were swept a-way; the few peo-ple who had boats float-ed o-ver the fields they had late-ly plowed, fish-es were swim-ming a-mong the tree-tops, boat an-chors let down in-to the gar-dens. Wolves were swim-ming with the sheep, li-ons and ti-gers strug-gled in the wa-ter; birds, find-ing no place to rest, fell ex-haust-ed in-to the flood and were drowned. All liv-ing things spared by the wa-ters starved to death.

Of all the great moun-tains, one a-lone o-ver-topped the waves. This was Mount Par-nas-sus; and here did Deu-ca-li-on, and his wife, Pyr-rha, find ref-u-ge. Their good and pi-ous lives were re-mem-bered by Ju-pi-ter when he saw them pray-ing there, and quick-ly he un-chained A-quil-o, bid-ding him drive a-way the clouds, while Nep-tune com-mand-ed Tri-ton to blow his shell trump-et, the sig-nal of re-treat to the wa-ters. The sea re-turned to its shores, riv-ers to their chan-nels, and the sun shone down upon the earth once more.

Some of the great tem-ples were saved from des-truc-tion, but while they were cov-ered with wa-ter, mud and sand and sea-weed float-ed in and ru-ined the cost-ly fur-ni-ture and dec-o-ra-tions.

Deu-ca-li-on and Pyr-rha were in-deed a-lone in the world. They en-tered one of the tem-ples, seek-ing to learn what they must do. A voice spoke to them, say-ing: "De-part

from the tem-ple with your heads veiled and cast be-hind you the bones of your moth-er."

Pyr-rha was shocked. "We can-not o-bey; we dare not pro-fane the re-mains of our pa-rents," and then she cried as she thought of all her friends who were drowned. But Deu-ca-li-on closed his eyes in thought; he was sure there was an-oth-er mean-ing to the words. At last he said: "I think I un-der-stand. The Earth is the great pa-rent of all. The stones are her bones, and these we can cast be-hind us. I am al-most sure this is the mean-ing of the words we have heard." So they veiled their faces, and pick-ing up stones be-gan to throw them be-hind them.

Then a most won-der-ful change took place. These stones be-gan to grow soft and took on a like-ness to the hu-man form, at first like a block of mar-ble when the sculp-tor chips out the fig-ure of a man be-fore he can carve and smooth it; the slime and moist-ure on the stones be-came flesh; the sto-ny part be-came bones; the veins in the stones re-mained veins but changed their use; and those thrown by Deu-ca-li-on be-came men; those thrown by Pyr-rha be-came wom-en. These strange peo-ple were a-ble to do much hard work; you see that was need-ed, with all the mud and rub-bish to clear a-way. In-deed, they were as hard as stone—and this was called the Stone Age.

THE PY-THON

The slime left by the flood made the ground fer-tile, pro-du-cing all things good as well as bad. Among the bad was an e-nor-mous ser-pent, called Py-thon. This mon-ster crept forth from the earth, lurked in the caves of Mount Par-nas-sus, and is-su-ing forth des-troyed man-y crea-tures, as well as men and wom-en. At last A-pol-lo, famed for his beau-ty and his skill with bow and ar-row, went in search of this ser-pent, and killed it aft-er a great bat-tle. You may be sure there was great joy a-mong the peo-ple who had suf-fered from the Py-thon's at-tacks, and nat-u-ral-ly, they made a great fuss o-ver A-pol-lo's cour-age. This ex-ci-ted the en-vy of a lit-tle boy who is nev-er seen with-out a bow and quiv-er full of ar-rows, and he de-ter-mined to bring down A-pol-lo's pride, who, of course, thought him-self so hand-some that all who saw him ad-mired him. This was real sil-ly, was it not?

DAPH-NE AND A-POL-LO

Cu-pid, that was the lit-tle boy's name, ex-am-ined A-pol-lo's bow and ar-rows, think-ing how much bet-ter were his own. A-pol-lo saw him.

"What have you to do with my war-like weap-ons?" said A-pol-lo, "leave them for hands wor-thy of them. See the great ser-pent I have killed with them. Be con-tent with

your lit-tle toys that could not kill a rob-in red-breast, but do not med-dle with my dan-ger-ous weap-ons.”

“Oh, ho!” re-plied Cu-pid, “you are in-deed proud; your ar-rows may slay ser-pents, A-pol-lo, but my ar-rows shall do worse for you.”

But A-pol-lo on-ly laughed at the lit-tle fel-low. Just then Daph-ne passed by. Her hair hung down her back, she wore a loose gown; in fact, she was not at all dressed for com-pa-ny. A-pol-lo just looked at her as she walked by, per-haps he thought how slov-en-ly she looks, and just then some-thing hap-pened.

Cu-pid, stand-ing on a rock of Mount Par-nas-sus, shot a golden ar-row at A-pol-lo, and a lead-en ar-row at Daph-ne. Both ar-rows hit the mark, for Cu-pid rare-ly missed. The gold-en ar-row made A-pol-lo look a-gain, and now Daph-ne was the most beau-ti-ful young la-dy he had ev-er seen. The lead-en ar-row, when it struck Daph-ne, led her to look at her old dress, and re-mem-ber how her hair was hang-ing down her back, for she had not had time to comb it that morn-ing. When she saw A-pol-lo smil-ing at her, com-ing to her to speak, she was filled with con-fu-sion and start-ed to run, A-pol-lo hur-ry-ing aft-er her.

“Do not run a-way, Daph-ne; you are love-ly this morn-ing; wait for me, so I can walk with you,” called A-pol-lo, but Daph-ne ran the fast-er. Then A-pol-lo ha-stened to o-ver-take her, call-ing to her that Ju-pi-ter was his fath-er, that he was lord of Del-phos and Ten-e-dos, knew all things, pres-ent and fu-ture, and was the god of song, and could

play the lyre, a kind of harp; he also told her he was the god of med-i-cine, and knew the vir-tues of all heal-ing plants.

But all these things were as naught to poor Daph-ne. Cup-id's lead-en ar-row caused her to think of noth-ing but to



HE TOUCHED THE TREE, AND FELT DAPH-NE TREM-BLE WITH-IN IT.

run a-way from A-pol-lo, while the gold-en ar-row, mak-ing him be-lieve she was just love-ly, led A-pol-lo on, stri-ving to o-ver-take her.

At last Daph-ne's strength failed her; she could not run an-oth-er step; in a mo-ment A-pol-lo would be by her side. She called to her fath-er, Pen-e-us, god of the riv-ers, "Help

me, help me! O-pen the earth to en-close me, or change my form so A-pol-lo shall no more pur-sue me."

The in-stant she spoke, a stiff-ness seized her limbs; her feet took root in the ground, her head and face be-came a tree-top; her arms, the branch-es; her hair, leaves; and shining bark cov-ered her.

A-pol-lo stood hor-ri-fied. He touched the tree, and felt Daph-ne trem-ble with-in it; he kissed the leaves and branch-es, say-ing: "Since you may not be my sweet-heart, you shall be my tree. I will wear your leaves for my crown; great men shall wear wreaths of your fo-li-age, and it shall be al-ways green." Daph-ne had been trans-formed by her fa-ther into a lau-rel tree.

A-pol-lo kept his vow, and wore a lau-rel wreath ev-er aft-er in re-mem-brance of Daph-ne, his first sweet-heart. And so it comes, that e-ven to-day, when we say of a man, "He is wor-thy of a lau-rel wreath," we mēan he has done some great deed for which he should ev-er be re-mem-bered.

THE SWIFT DOG, LE-LAPS.

Ceph-a-lus was fond of out-door sports; he was a great hunt-er, and with his dog, Le-laps, chased, and caught man-y fox-es, deer, rab-bits and oth-er game. His wife, Pro-cris, gave him the dog as a pres-ent, al-so a spear that nev-er failed to hit the mark. When Ceph-a-lus threw this spear at a wild an-i-mal it was cer-tain to strike and kill it. With his dog and spear, Ceph-a-lus spent the days in the woods

and fields; but his wife did not mind that; she was proud of his skill, and knew it gave him pleas-ure. Then, too, he was kind to her, glad to come home from the hunt and meet her smiles. Some-times, when wear-y and o-ver-warm in the hot sun, he would find a sha-dy tree, and rest-ing un-der it would talk to the cool winds, tell-ing them to fan him, and Le-laps would won-der whom his mas-ter was talk-ing to. But one day Ceph-a-lus lost his dog. This is how it hap-pened.

An old fox, sly and cun-ning, roamed the coun-try, kill-ing all the farm-ers' chick-ens, and all the men gath-ered to kill Mr. Fox. Ceph-a-lus was there with Le-laps. The fox was a won-der-ful run-ner, and laughed at the dogs that chased him, but could not catch him; but he did not know Le-laps. When this dog saw the fox, he start-ed aft-er him so fast the fox saw he must be swift-er than ev-er to es-cape, and try all sorts of tricks to dodge Le-laps. The hunt-ers stood on a hill watch-ing them. The fox ran a-long fences, and through shal-low streams, ran back up-on his foot-steps, did all he could to throw this swift dog off his tracks, but try as he would Le-laps was up-on him; so close he could most reach his heels. Then the gods took pit-y on the brave fox; they did not wish eith-er dog or fox to con-quer. Of a sud-den both were turned to stone, as the dog snapped at the heels of the fox, the fox spring-ing for-ward. So nat-u-ral they seemed, you would have said they were a-live.

While Ceph-a-lus mourned his dog, he con-tin-ued to hunt, and rest-ing in the shade, talked to the wind and trees. Some per-son heard him one day talk-ing thus, and lis-tened.

“Oh, gen-tle breeze,” he said, “come and fan me; I love to feel your soft touch on my fore-head, cool-ing my brow. Thank you, thank you; how nice that feels.”

The one who o-ver-heard went straight to Pro-cris, tell-ing her how Ceph-a-lus met some one in the woods and talked, tell-ing her what he said. Pro-cris was a-mazed. Who could it be? But be-fore she spoke of it to Ceph-a-lus she would find out for her-self who it was her hus-band met while out hunt-ing. The tell-tale showed her where to lis-ten and hi-ding in the bush-es, Pro-cris waited. Soon came her hus-band, who, rest-ing un-der his fa-vor-ite tree, be-gan to talk, say-ing “Dear Breeze, I love you so; it is nice to feel your ca-res-ses when I am so warm,” and Pro-cris sobbed to think her hus-band could talk in such words to an-y oth-er wom-an but her. She leaned a-against the bush in her dis-tress, and Ceph-a-lus heard what he sup-posed was a wild an-i-mal. Throw-ing his spear to kill it, the point pierced Pro-cris to the heart; she gave one scream, and fell dy-ing. Her hus-band shocked at what had hap-pened ran to her, but she could just whis-per, “Prom-ise me, dear Ceph-a-lus, you will not mar-ry this o-di-ous Miss Breeze when I am gone,” and then she died in his arms. The sto-ry does not say that Ceph-a-lus found out who had told his wife the fool-ish tale.

I-O AND AR-GUS

This sto-ry tells of a heif-er that could write her name with her hoof, and why the pea-cock’s tail is full of eyes, or

feath-ers that look like eyes, which is much the same.

Ju-pi-ter and his wife, Ju-no, did not live hap-pi-ly to-ge-th-er. He loved to do as he chose, and she was sus-pi-cious of him, so how could they be hap-py!

One day it grew dark, and Ju-no sus-pect-ed her hus-band had raised a cloud to hide some of his do-ings that would not bear the light. She brushed a-way the cloud, and saw him on the banks of a glass-y riv-er, a beau-ti-ful heif-er (or grown-up calf) stand-ing by him. It was real-ly I-o, daugh-ter of the riv-er god, I-ac-chus, whom Ju-pi-ter had turned in-to that form when he saw Ju-no com-ing. Ju-no sus-pect-ing this, praised the heif-er, spoke of its beau-ty and asked him to give it to her. He did not dare re-fuse. Then Ju-no called to Ar-gus, bid-ding him watch the heif-er day and night; as Ar-gus had one hun-dred eyes, and nev-er shut all at once, e-ven when he slept, this was no great task for him.

At night he tied I-o with a rope, let-ting her feed on the mead-ow grass in the day. She tried to stretch out her arms to im-plore free-dom, but she had no arms, and when she tried to speak could on-ly bel-low, a hor-rid noise that fright-ened her-self. Her fa-ther and sis-ters came near her, pat-ting her back, ad-mir-ing her beau-ty. Her fath-er reached her a tuft of grass, and she licked his hand; but a-las she could not speak! At last she thought to write, and with her hoof made "I-o" on the sand. I-ac-chus knew her then and wept, but could do noth-ing for her. Ar-gus drove him a-way, sit-ting where he could see in all di-rec-tions.

Ju-pi-ter, wishing to free I-o, sent Mer-cu-ry to kill him. Put-ting his winged slip-pers on his feet, his winged cap on his head, and ta-king his sword and wand that pro-duced sleep, Mer-cu-ry start-ed on his er-rand, leap-ing from the tow-ers of heav-en to the earth. There he laid a-side his wings and dis-guised as a shep-herd he strolled a-long, play-ing a mu-sic-al in-stru-ment called the Pan-de-an pipes. Ar-gus had nev-er heard such mu-sic be-fore; it pleased him.

“Young man,” he said, “come and sit by me; here is shade, and grass for your flock. I like your mu-sic.”

Mer-cu-ry sat be-side him, tell-ing sto-ries, and play-ing on his pipes sooth-ing mu-sic, try-ing to lull the hun-dred eyes to sleep. But al-ways Ar-gus could keep one eye a-wake. Then Mer-cu-ry told him how the in-stru-ment on which he was play-ing was in-vent-ed. I will not re-peat the sto-ry; it might make you sleep as it did Ar-gus, for soon all his eyes were closed in slum-ber, and with one stroke, Mer-cu-ry cut off his head. Ju-no took the eyes and put them as or-na-ments on the tail of her pea-cock, where they have re-mained to this day.

Then Ju-no sent a gad-fly to tor-ment poor I-o, who fled o-ver the whole world from its pur-suit. She swam a sea, af-ter-wards named for her as the “I-o-ni-an Sea”; she roamed the plains of Il-lyr-i-a, and crossed the Thra-cian straits, af-ter-ward named Bos-phor-us, which means cow-bear-er, and at last came to E-gypt, where on the banks of the Nile, it is a won-der the croc-o-diles did not get her. It was a long, long ways for the poor heif-er to wan-der, es-pe-

cial-ly as she was real-ly not a young cow at all, but the daugh-ter of a riv-er god.

At last Ju-pi-ter plead-ed with Ju-no to let him re-store I-o to her real self, prom-is-ing to be-have him-self ev-er af-ter, and Ju-no con-sent-ed.

It was a sight to see her grad-u-al-ly com-ing to her-self. The coarse hairs fell from her bod-y; her horns shrank up; her eyes grew nar-row-er; her mouth short-er; hands and feet came where hoofs had been, un-til there was noth-ing left of the heif-er ex-cept her good looks. At first she was a-fraid to speak, lest she should moo, but she soon gained con-fi-dence and was re-stored to her fa-ther and sis-ters.

THE BEAU-TI-FUL CAL-LIS-TO

“My hus-band thinks you are beau-ti-ful,” said Ju-no one day to Cal-lis-to. “I will make you ug-ly.”

Down fell Cal-lis-to on her hands and knees; she tried to stretch out her arms to Ju-no in sup-pli-ca-tion; but it was too late. Al-read-y coarse, black hair cov-ered them; her hands grew round-ed, armed with crook-ed claws, serv-ing for feet; her mouth be-came a hor-rid pair of jaws; her voice be-came a growl. Yet with all this she re-mained of gen-tle dis-po-si-tion, you see, with all these chan-ges, she was still the same kind-heart-ed Cal-lis-to. While she be-moaned her fate, she stood as up-right as she could and lift-ing up her paws would beg for mer-cy. She felt that Jove was un-kind, though she could not tell him so. Cal-lis-to

who had been a hunt-ress was now her-self hunt-ed by dogs and men, and oft-en she fled from the wild beasts in terror, for-get-ting that she her-self was now one of them; a-bove all things she was dread-ful-ly a-fraid of the bears.

One day she saw her son hunt-ing with oth-er men, but now he was quite a young man. She stopped, think-ing she



HE RAISED HIS SPEAR TO SLAY HER.

could take him in her arms and kiss him; when he, great-ly fright-ened, raised his spear to slay her. Just in time, Ju-pi-ter held his arm and, snatch-ing both a-way, put them in the heav-ens as the Great and Little Bears.

This en-raged Ju-no; but she could do noth-ing. She told Te-thys and O-ce-a-nus: "I for-bade Cal-lis-to to wear the

hu-man form; now she and her son are in the heav-ens a-mong the stars. I beg of you nev-er to let them come with-in your wa-ters."

The pow-ers of the o-cean as-sented, and so the two con-stel-la-tions, the Great and Lit-tle Bears, move round and round in a cir-cle in the heav-ens, but nev-er sink, as do all the oth-er stars, be-neath the waves.

Cal-lis-to's son was named Ar-cas, and his home was in Ar-ca-di-a.

The last star in the tail of the Lit-tle Bear is the Pole or North Star, and is al-so called the Star of Ar-ca-dy in hon-or of Ar-cas. And so we can nev-er quite for-get the fate of poor Cal-lis-to and her son, who are thus hon-ored far more than Ju-no.

DI-AN-A AND AC-TÆ-ON

Di-an-a was the queen hunt-ress. In a cave most beau-ti-ful, as if in-deed it had been made for the pur-pose, was a foun-tain in which she would bathe on her re-turn from the chase. With her maids as-sist-ing her, it was as qui-et and re-tired as one could wish.

Ac-tæ-on, son of King Cad-mus, wan-der-ing in the woods one day, heard girl-ish voi-ces laugh-ing as they bathed in the foun-tain with Di-an-a. Now if he had been a gen-tle-man, he would have passed right on, but he chose to look for them, at last com-ing to the mouth of the cave, where he stood ga-ping at them. See-ing the en-trance to the cave thus dark-

ened, Di-an-a looked and was shocked to see a man star-ing at her. Her bow and ar-rows were be-yond her reach so she could not shoot him, and dash-ing wa-ter in his face she cried out: "Now go and tell, if you can, that you have seen Di-an-a in her bath."

At once a pair of branch-ing horns grew out of his head, his neck gained in length, his ears grew sharp-pointed; his hands be-came feet; his arms, long legs; his bod-y cov-ered with spot-ted hide. Fear took the place of his for-mer bold-ness and he fled from the place. He ad-mired his speed, but when he saw his horns re-flect-ed in the wa-ter, he groaned in hor-ror, and tears flowed down the face that had ta-ken the place of his own. He was a-fraid to hide in the woods, a-shamed to go home. As he hes-i-ta-ted what best to do, his hounds saw him. Mel-am-pus, his pet dog, gave the sig-nal and with fright-ful yelps they sprang up-on him. He tried to cry out: "I am Ac-tæ-on, your mas-ter," but could make no sound, and at last the dogs tore him limb from limb. Then the an-ger of Di-an-a was ap-peased. Ev-er aft-er, when speak-ing of a rude, ill-man-nered man peo-ple say he is a "cad," re-fer-ring to this ill-bred son of King Cad-mus.

LA-TO-NA AND THE BOORS

La-to-na, with her twin ba-bies, driv-en from home by Ju-no who was cru-el as well as jeal-ous, fled from place to place, ev-er fol-lowed by her per-se-cu-tor. The twins, cry-ing for food and drink, were a bur-den in her arms; wear-y and

parched with thirst, she came to Ly-ci-a, a green val-ley in which a pond of spark-ling wa-ter in-vi-ted her to drink. Stand-ing near the pond, a crowd of boors, ill-bred row-dies, watched her. Soon as they saw her ap-proach the pond, they or-dered her a-way, but she knelt on the green bank and bend-ing down tried to drink. The boors shout-ed rude-ly at her.

“Why do you re-fuse me wa-ter? It is free to all. Na-ture al-lows no one to claim as prop-er-ty the sun-shine, the air, or the wa-ter. I come to take my share of the com-mon bless-ing; yet now I ask it of you as a fa-vor. I do not in-tend to wash my feet in it, wear-y though they be, but on-ly to quench my thirst. My mouth is so dry that I can hard-ly speak. A drink of wa-ter would be nec-tar to me; it would re-vive me; it would save my life. Let these ba-bies move you to kind-ness; see how they stretch out their lit-tle arms as if to plead for me.”

Who would not have been sor-ry for this gen-tle god-dess, and her lit-tle ones, ask-ing noth-ing but a drink of wa-ter? And yet these rude fel-lows e-ven vowed to hurt her if she did not go a-way, and then they wa-ded in-to the pond, stir-ring up the mud, so the wa-ter was un-fit to drink. Then they hoot-ed at her.

La-to-na was so an-gry she for-got her thirst. No more did she sup-pli-cate these boors, but lift-ing her hands to heav-en, ex-claimed: “May they nev-er quit that pool of mud-dy wa-ter, but spend their lives there!”

And thus it came to pass. They now live in the wa-ter, some-times be-neath it, some-times rais-ing their heads

a-bove the sur-face. At times they come out up-on the bank, but soon leap back in-to the wa-ter. They use their deep voi-ces mock-ing-ly, and hav-ing the wa-ter all to them-selves, croak, and swim and play in it as they wish. Their voi-ces are harsh; their throats swol-len; their mouths are stretched by their con-stant rail-ings; their necks have shrunk-en and dis-ap-peared. Their backs are green, their stom-achs white, and as bull-frogs, they live in the now sli-my pond.

PHA-E-THON, CHILD OF THE SUN

Pha-e-thon, boast-ing the great-ness of his fa-ther, the Sun, was laughed at by his com-rades; they made fun of him, say-ing, "We would not want a fa-ther who would blind us if we but looked in his face."

He told his moth-er, Clym-e-ne, ask-ing if he might go and vis-it his fa-ther for a while, that he might show his friends he was not a-fraid to go close to the Sun.

"You may go, Pha-e-thon," she said; "Your fa-ther, Phœ-bus, will be glad to see you. The land where the Sun ri-ses lies next to our own. You should not find it a long trip."

Bid-ding her good-bye, Pha-e-thon trav-eled to In-dia, di-rect-ly in the re-gions of sun-rise, and, full of hope, came to the goal whence the Sun be-gins its course.

The pal-ace of the Sun stood on crys-tal col-umns, in-laid with gold and gems; pol-ished i-vo-ry was the ceil-ing, and sil-ver the doors. On the walls were pic-tures of earth and sea and sky, carved by Vul-can. On the ceil-ing of this grand

pal-ace, he had made a like-ness of the heav-ens show-ing sun, moon and stars, while on the sil-ver doors were carved the twelve signs of the zo-di-ac.

Pha-e-thon, climb-ing slow-ly up the long flight of steps that led to the pal-ace room, was dazed by the light that shone from the throne where sat his fa-ther. He had to stop and wait un-til his eyes could en-dure the won-der-ful light that was eve-ry-where.

Phœ-bus, wear-ing pur-ple robes, sat on a throne glis-ten-ing with di-a-monds. On eith-er side stood the Day, the Month, the Year, and, at reg-u-lar in-ter-vals, the Hours. Spring stood near, her head crowned with flow-ers; Sum-mer, bear-ing a gar-land of ripe wheat; Au-tumn, with his feet stained by the juice of grapes, and Win-ter, with his hair stif-fened by ice and frost. It was a won-der-ful sight for Pha-e-thon; if he just stood star-ing it was not that he was rude. But pres-ent-ly Phœ-bus saw him, and asked his er-rand. It had been a long time since Phœ-bus had seen his son; he had al-most for-got-ten him. But when Pha-e-thon told him who he was, Phœ-bus called him to come and sit be-side him on the throne. Pha-e-thon was a hand-some boy, and his fa-ther was proud of him. For a long time they talked, and Phœ-bus told him ev-er so man-y things he had nev-er be-fore known. How he would surprise the friends on earth who had mocked him a-bout this great fa-ther of his, thought Pha-e-thon. Then Phœ-bus told of the hors-es he drove each day, hitched to the Char-i-ot of the Sun, and Pha-e-thon thought, "Oh, if I could just drive them my-self

for one day!" Fi-nal-ly Phœ-bus said, "My son, if I can do more to make your vis-it a pleas-ure, ask it, and I will grant your wish."

At once Pha-e-thon said, "Let me drive the Sun Char-i-ot, just one day."

"My son," said Phœ-bus, "I prom-ised to grant your wish, but you ask per-mis-sion to do that which is be-yond a mortal's pow-er. You wish to do that which none but my-self may do. The gods have asked this boon of me; and I have re-fused them."

"Did you prom-ise to grant them what-ev-er wish they made?" said Pha-e-thon, de-ter-mined to seize the op-por-tu-ni-ty be-fore him.

"No, my son; I was more wise; yet, in-deed, how should I think a young man from earth, like you, should dare think of such a task? But I gave you my prom-ise, and Phœ-bus keeps his word. Yet lis-ten to rea-son, my son, may-hap when you know the dan-ger you will be con-tent to make an-oth-er re-quest that I can grant."

Then Phœ-bus told him of the road a-long which the Char-i-ot of the Sun must be driv-en, and of the wild steeds, ev-er read-y to dash off to left or right and wreck the gold-en char-i-ot. "The first part of the way is steep; though the hors-es are fresh in the morn-ing, yet they can scarce-ly climb it. The mid-dle of the way is high in the heav-ens, so high I dare not look down up-on the earth so far be-low me. The last part of the jour-ney is down a moun-tain side, and though I have gone o-ver this course times be-yond num-ber, I am

ev-er in fear of fall-ing and Te-thys, who waits to re-ceive me, trem-bles lest she see char-i-ot and all pitch head-long. Add-ed to all this, the stars and heav-en whirl con-stant-ly a-bout me, and would car-ry me out of my course did I not keep tight rein up-on my steeds. Sup-pos-ing I lend you the char-i-ot just for one day, how could you pos-si-bly pass through all these dan-gers un-hurt? More-o-ver, what you may think are the pal-a-ces of the gods a-long the road-side, you will find in-stead the a-bodes of aw-ful mon-sters. You must pass by the horns of the Bull, in front of the Arch-er, and near the Li-on's jaws. The Scor-pi-on stretch-es out its arms in one di-rec-tion, and the Crab in an-oth-er. How will you gov-ern the hors-es with their breasts full of fire which they breathe forth like smoke from their nos-trils? Oft-en are they so wild it is al-most be-yond *my* pow-er to con-trol them. I beg of you, my son, look in-to my face; see you not the anx-i-e-ty I feel for you? Heed my coun-sel and re-frain; wealth and count-less treas-ure I will give you if you wish, an-y-thing you may ask but this one boon you crave."

"You have prom-ised me, oh, fa-ther," said Pha-e-thon, in re-ply, "and I would car-ry back to earth the sto-ry of my deed of dar-ing."

What more could his fa-ther say? So Phœ-bus led the way to the mag-nif-i-cent char-i-ot. It was the gift of Vul-can. The ax-le, poles and wheels of gold; the spokes of sil-ver; the char-i-ot it-self of gold, in-laid with rows of yel-low to-paz-es and di-a-monds, re-flect-ing all a-round the bright-ness of the Sun. While Pha-e-thon gaz-ed in ad-mi-ra-tion,

Dawn threw o-pen the pur-ple doors of the East, and behold! a path-way of ro-ses! The Day-star sig-nal-ing the hour, fol-lowed the night-stars to rest. Pha-e-thon's boy-ish heart beat fast; the glow that suf-fused his face was pride and pleas-ure min-gled. Not a-lone did he think of the hon-or to be his, but the en-vy of his com-rades on earth when he re-tur-ned to tell of his great deed. Poor Pha-e-thon! lit-tle did he think of the aw-ful fate in store for him.

When Phœ-bus saw the Earth be-gin to glow and at last the Moon pre-par-ing to re-tire, he or-dered the Hours to har-ness up the steeds. Forth from the stalls they were led and the reins at-tached. Then the fa-ther bathed the face of his son with a pow-er-ful oint-ment that would ward off the heat and bright-ness of the flame. He set the crown of rays up-on his head, and with a deep sigh, gave him part-ing ad-vice ere he bade him go.

“If you will heed my ad-vice at all, my dear son, spare the whip and hold tight the reins. The hors-es will go fast e-nough of their own will; the la-bor is to hold them back. Do not fol-low the straight road-way but turn off be-tween the five cir-cles go-ing to the left. You will see marks of the wheels on the trav-eled road; fol-low them as close-ly as you can. Keep a mid-dle course, go-ing nei-ther too high in the heav-en lest you set fire to the pal-a-ces of the gods, nor yet too low to-ward the Earth, lest it take fire from the fer-vent heat that will sur-round you soon as you be-gin the jour-ney. And if now, your heart fails you, my son, pray take my ad-vice and stay here in safe-ty while I drive the char-i-ot, and

when I re-turn I will make you hap-py." But in an-swer, Pha-e-thon sprang in-to the char-i-ot, stand-ing e-rect, and with the reins in his hands, gave thanks to his re-luc-tant fa-ther who wept with-in his heart.

And now the Gates of the Sky are o-pened, and the grand eq-ui-page passed out up-on the high-way. They dart forward through the op-pos-ing clouds, out-run-ning the morn-ing breez-es. Soon the steeds dis-cov-er that their load is light-er than u-su-al, so light in-deed the char-i-ot dash-es up-on their heels as though it were emp-ty. They dash head-long from the track. Pha-e-thon's young arms could not guide them; they well knew a stran-ger held the reins. For the first time the Great and Lit-tle Bears were scorched with heat; the Ser-pent, coiled snug-ly round the North Pole, tor-pid and harm-less, felt its rage and strength re-vive with the warmth.

And now, when Pha-e-thon looked down up-on the Earth spread in vast ex-tent be-neath him, he grew pale, his knees shook with fear, and the sight of his eyes grew dim. How he wished he had not touched his fa-ther's hors-es, how he re-gret-ted he had not ta-ken his ad-vice e-ven at the last mo-ment! What shall he do? What can he do? He looks back to the por-tals from whence he came, and for-ward to the realms of sun-set, which he is des-tined nev-er to reach. He has for-got-ten how to drive, no long-er knows the names of his steeds; ter-ror seiz-es him as he be-holds the mon-sters of the sky, and now he is close to the dread-ful Scor-pi-on, his crook-ed claws stretch-ing o-ver two signs of the zo-di-ac.

When Pha-e-thon be-held this hid-e-ous crea-ture, reek-ing with poi-son, and threat-en-ing him with his fangs, he was o-ver-come by fright. The reins fell from his hands. The hors-es dashed wild-ly in a-mong the stars, hurl-ing the char-i-ot high be-yond the clouds, then down close to the earth. The Moon saw her broth-er's char-i-ot be-low her own and was in fear. The clouds be-gan to smoke, the moun-tain tops take fire, the fields are parched with heat, trees with-er, and soon the har-vest is a-blaze. But great-er dis-as-ters come. Cit-ies are des-troyed by fire and the peo-ple burned to ash-es. Moun-tains shrink with heat, and e-ven Mount Par-nas-sus is forced to part with his snow-crown of white.

Thus Pha-e-thon be-held the world on fire through his fol-ly and reck-less dis-re-gard of his fa-ther's ad-vice. The air was full of burn-ing ash-es and like the heat of a fur-nace; the smoke made a pitch-like dark-ness, and through it all his wild steeds drew him on-ward. Soon the earth cracked o-pen, let-ting in the light on the Tar-ta-rus, fright-en-ing the King of Shad-ows and his Queen. With head and shoul-ders bare, screen-ing her face with her hand, look-ing up to heav-en, Earth called on Ju-pi-ter to save her. Ju-pi-ter, mount-ing the high tow-er from whence he sends clouds o-ver the earth and hurls his light-nings, found that not a cloud was left with which to screen the earth, not a show-er re-mained in his res-er-voir of wa-ters. Then Ju-pi-ter thun-dered and threw a light-ning bolt straight at Pha-e-thon, which struck him from his char-i-ot, hurl-ing him head-long, his hair on fire, like a shoot-ing star, in-to the great Riv-er

E-rid-a-nus. Here the Na-iads built a tomb for his re-mains, and here on the banks of the riv-er, his sis-ters, the Hel-i-ades, came to weep, and were trans-formed in-to pop-lar trees, their tears turn-ing in-to am-ber as they dropped in-to the stream.

Phœ-bus, gain-ing con-trol of his char-i-ot, took care nev-er



JU-PI-TER THREW A LIGHT-NING BOLT STRAIGHT AT PHA-E-THON.

a-gain to make rash prom-is-es, or per-mit a mor-tal to try his skill with the Char-i-ot of the Sun. This sto-ry, one of the most beau-ti-ful of all myth-o-log-ic-al tales, teach-es us not to as-pire to deeds for which we are un-fit-ted, and to pay heed to the ad-vice of those who are wi-ser than we.

MI-DAS, THE KING WITH THE GOLD-MAK-ING POW-ER

An old man, drink-ing heav-i-ly, lost his way and wandered in the coun-try of King Mi-das. The king kind-ly gave him shel-ter and let him stay in his pal-ace some days, then took him to his home with Bac-chus, whose fos-ter fa-ther the old man was. His name was Si-le-nus. Bac-chus, to re-ward Mi-das, of-fered him what-ev-er he might wish. Then Mi-das, with-out much thought, asked that eve-ry thing he touched might be turned to gold. Bac-chus was sor-ry his friend had not made a wi-ser choice, but said, "So shall it be."

On his way home-ward Mi-das put his new pow-er to the test. He could scarce be-lieve his eyes when pluck-ing a twig from an oak, it be-came bright gold in his hand. He took up a stone; it, too, turned to gold. He plucked an ap-ple from a tree; in-stant-ly it was bur-nished gold, the most beau-ti-ful ap-ple ev-er seen. Mi-das for-got he could not eat it, and his joy was great. He hur-ried home and or-dered his ser-vants to set a splen-did feast in hon-or of this new pow-er that had come to him. By this time he was real hun-gry, and took his seat at the ta-ble look-ing for-ward to a fine din-ner; but, to his dis-may, the mo-ment his hand touched bread it hard-ened; be-fore he could chew it, it was a piece of gold. But-ter, yel-low as the pre-cious met-al, turned in-to real gold, and, of course, could not be spread on bread. He took

a drink of cream out of a glass, not touch-ing it with his hands, but the in-stant it was in his mouth, it rolled down his throat like liq-uid gold.

Ter-ri-fied at his af-flic-tion, he tried to di-vest him-self of his new pow-er, but in vain. Star-va-tion was be-fore him. Then he raised his arms, shi-ning with gold, in pray-er to Bac-chus, beg-ging to be freed from this fa-tal gift.

“Go,” said Bac-chus, “to the Riv-er Pac-to-lus, trace it to its foun-tain head, plunge in-to the wa-ter and there wash a-way your fault and its pun-ish-ment.” Scarce had Mi-das touch-ed the wa-ter be-fore the sands were turned in-to gold, and so they re-main to this day.

And now, Mi-das ha-ting gold as he had for-mer-ly loved it, dwelt in the coun-try, and be-came a wor-ship-er of Pan, god of the fields. A-pol-lo came that way chal-len-ging Pan to a tri-al of his lyre a-gainst the pipes of Pan. The moun-tain god, Tmo-lus, was cho-sen um-pire. He took his seat and cleared the trees from his ears to lis-ten. Pan blew on his pipes, and the mel-o-dy gave pleas-ure to him and his fol-low-er, Mi-das. But when A-pol-lo played his lyre, all but these two were de-light-ed, and Tmo-lus gave A-pol-lo the vic-to-ry. Mi-das ob-ject-ed. Then A-pol-lo would not suf-fer such a pair of ears to be of hu-man form, and turned them in-to the ears of an ass. King Mi-das was a-shamed to be seen with such ears, but by hav-ing his hair skill-ful-ly dressed, he could con-ceal them from view. His hair-dres-ser knew of it, and no one else. It was hard to keep such a se-cret, yet he dare not tell his fel-lows, lest Mi-das kill him. So

he went in-to a mead-ow and dug a hole in the ground. In-to this he whis-pered the sto-ry. Be-fore long a thick bed of reeds grew up o-ver the spot, and as soon as they grew tall, whis-pered the sto-ry to eve-ry breeze that passed, and soon the world knew all a-bout King Mi-das' ears.

This King Mi-das ruled o-ver Phryg-i-a. He was the son of Gor-di-us, a poor coun-try-man who, com-ing in his wag-on with his wife and son a-mong the peo-ple of Phryg-i-a, to whom it had been fore-told their king should come in this man-ner, was ta-ken by them and crowned as ru-ler. He tied his wa-gon in the mar-ket place of the town with a knot known as the Gor-di-an Knot, and in aft-er times it was said that who-ev-er should un-tie this knot should be ru-ler of A-si-a. Men tried man-y times, but failed. At last came Al-ex-an-der to Phryg-i-a, and find-ing he could not un-tie the knot, drew his sword and cut it. Soon he had all A-si-a un-der his sway. But in-deed cut-ting and un-ty-ing the knot are two dif-fer-ent things.

BAU-CIS AND PHI-LE-MON

One time Ju-pi-ter vis-it-ed the coun-try of Phryg-i-a, with his son Mer-cu-ry. In hu-man shape, and as wear-y trav-el-ers, seek-ing rest and food and shel-ter, they came to man-y a door, but all were shut, for it was late and none would rouse them-selves, e-ven to see who it was that begged so pit-i-ful-ly. Aft-er a long walk, they came to a thatched cot-tage, just the mean-est look-ing one by the road-side. In this lit-tle hut, lived an old coup-le, Bau-cis, and her hus-band, Phi-le-mon.

They had married when young and grown old together. They were poor, but content, and not ashamed of their poverty, making it endurable by moderate desires and kind dispositions.

When they heard the cry of the two wanderers, both sprang to open the door, bidding them enter, if they chose to come into such an humble home. As the two heavenly guests crossed the threshold, bowing their heads to pass through the lowly door, these old people proved the goodness of their hearts.

Philemon drew up a seat, on which Bau-cis spread a cloth, and begged them to sit down. While her husband went into the garden to get some pot-herbs, in the moon-light, she drew the coals out from the ashes, laid leaves and bark on them, and blowing on it with her scant breath, soon started a flame. From a corner she brought split sticks and dry branches, broke them up and placed them under the small kettle hanging over the flames. Then she prepared the herbs for the pot, while her husband reached down with a forked stick a flitch of bacon hanging in the fire-place, cut a small piece and put it in the pot to boil with the herbs, setting the rest away for another time. A wooden bowl was filled with warm water and given their guests to wash in. All this time they beguiled the time with pleasant conversation. On the bench for their guests was laid a cushion stuffed with seaweed, and a cloth, only made use of on great occasions, was spread over it. The cloth was old and coarse but better than the one in daily use.

Then Bau-cis set the ta-ble. One leg was short-er than the rest, but a shell un-der it kept the ta-ble from wob-bling. Then she rubbed it with fra-grant herbs; set up-on it some ol-ives, cor-nel ber-ries pre-served in vin-e-gar, add-ing rad-ish-es and cheese, with eggs slight-ly cooked in the ash-es; for des-sert, ap-ples and hon-ey, and a small pitch-er full of sweet new wine, and, of course, there was the ba-con-stew. But bet-ter than all, their kind-ly fa-ces and sim-ple whole-souled wel-come to these guests.

While the re-past was pro-ceed-ing, the old folks were as-ton-ished to see that the food and the wine were all re-plen-ished as fast as con-sumed, and then sud-den-ly they knew their heav-en-ly guests. Filled with ter-ror, both fell on their knees, im-plor-ing for-give-ness for the poor en-ter-tain-ment. There was yet one oth-er thing they could of-fer, an old goose, a pet, kept to guard their home—for you must know a goose a-round a dwell-ing makes a great noise if stran-gers come. This they strove to catch, but the bird was swift-er than the two old peo-ple, and at last took shel-ter be-tween the gods. Then Ju-pi-ter spoke in these words: “We are gods. This vil-lage shall pay the pen-al-ty of its im-pi-e-ty; you a-lone shall go free from pun-ish-ment. Quit your home and come with us to the top of yon-der hill.”

Staffs in hand Bau-cis and Phi-le-mon tot-ter-ing-ly climbed to the top. Turn-ing to look down on the vil-lage, they be-held the land had sunk-en and there was a lake in-stead of a vil-lage; their home a-lone was left stand-ing. While they gazed in won-der and fear, la-ment-ing the fate of

their friends, that old hut of theirs be-came a tem-ple; mar-ble col-umns took the place of cor-ner posts; the thatch grew yel-low and be-came a gild-ed roof; the floors, mar-ble; the doors or-na-ment-ed with gold. Then spoke Ju-pi-ter:

“Ex-cel-lent old man and wom-an worth-y of such a hus-band, speak, tell us your wish-es; what fav-or have you to ask of us?”

Phi-le-mon took coun-sel with his wife, then an-swered for both.

“We ask to be priests and guard-i-ans of this, your tem-ple. And since here we have passed our lives in love and con-cord, we wish that one and the same hour may take us both from life; that I may not live to see her grave, nor be laid in my own by her.”

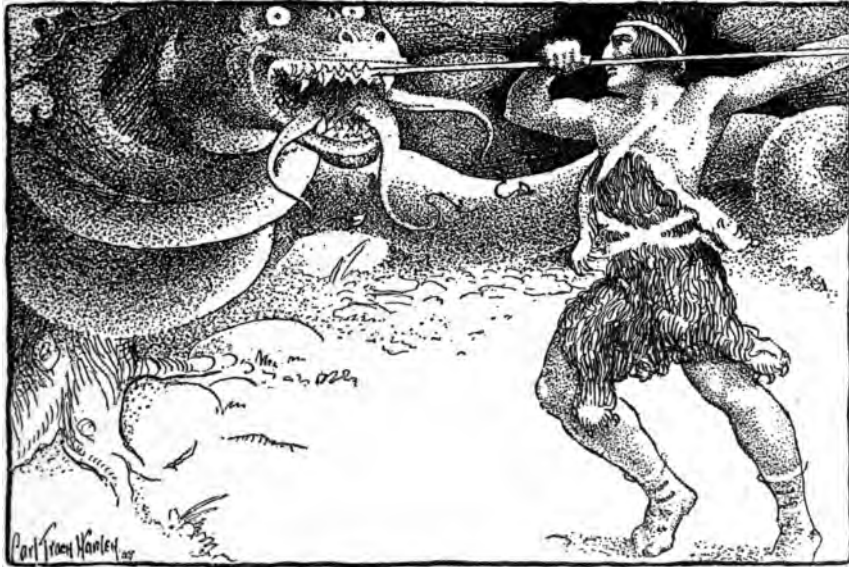
This beau-ti-ful pray-er was grant-ed, and they were keep-ers of the tem-ple as long as they lived. When grown real old, they were stand-ing one day be-fore the tem-ple, tell-ing vis-it-ors the sto-ry of the place, when sud-den-ly Bau-cis saw Phi-le-mon be-gin to put forth leaves, and old Phi-le-mon saw Bau-cis chan-ging in like man-ner. And now a leaf-y crown had grown o-ver their heads, but as long as they could speak they ex-changed words of en-dear-ment and fare-well; then sud-den-ly the bark of the trees closed o-ver their mouths. Phi-le-mon had been trans-formed in-to an oak, and Bau-cis in-to a lin-den tree. The peas-ants built a stone wall a-round the two trees, and for long years this sto-ry of two hap-py and peace-ful lives was told to all who came that way.

CAD-MUS

Un-der the guise of a bull, Ju-pi-ter car-ried a-way to the is-land of Crete, a daugh-ter of the king of Phœ-nic-i-a. Her name was Eu-ro-pa. A-ge-nor, the king, com-mand-ed his son Cad-mus to search for his sis-ter and not re-turn with-out her. Long and far did Cad-mus seek her, but could find no trace of her. He did not dare re-turn, so sought ad-vice as to what coun-try he should set-tle in. He was told that he would find a cow in a field, should fol-low where-ev-er she wan-dered, and where she halt-ed there he should build a town and call it Thebes.

Soon Cad-mus saw a young cow slow-ly walk-ing be-fore him. He fol-lowed close-ly all day; at last, she came to the plain of Pan-o-pe, where she stood still, rais-ing her fore-head to the sky, fill-ing the air with her low-ings. Near by was a grove of great trees, and con-cealed by bush-es a cave from which came a foun-tain of pure wa-ter. In the cave lurked a mon-ster ser-pent; he had a crest-ed head, and his scales shone like gold. His eyes were like fire; he had three tongues and three rows of teeth. No soon-er did the men who came with Cad-mus dip their pitch-ers in the spring, than this hor-rid ser-pent came forth, ut-ter-ing a hor-rid hiss. In fear they dropped the pitch-ers from their hands; they were un-able e-ven to run a-way. Then the ser-pent, rais-ing his head a-bove the high-est tree-tops, slew some with his fangs, oth-ers in his folds and oth-ers with his poi-son-ous

breath. At noon-time, Cad-mus went in search of his men. His cov-er-ing was a li-on's hide, and he car-ried a sword and a spear. When he en-tered the woods and saw their dead bod-ies, and the fear-ful ser-pent, he lift-ed a great stone and threw it on the ser-pent with all his might. It made no



CAD-MUS DROVE HIS SWORD THROUGH ITS BOD-Y.

im-pres-sion; the crea-ture threw it off as if it were a feath-er and rushed at Cad-mus. He threw his spear; this pierced the ser-pent's scales and en-tered its bod-y. Twist-ing it-self a-mong the trees, it broke their trunks like pipe-stems, and moved to-ward Cad-mus, its fierce mouth yawn-ing for him. It snapped at the sword held be-fore it. At last, as it coiled

a-round a tree, Cad-mus drove his sword through its bod-y and killed it.

Then he heard a voice, bid-ding him pluck out the ser-pent's teeth and sow them in the earth. These were no more than cov-ered by the soil, than the clods be-gan to move and soon the points of spears were seen a-bove the sur-face; next came hel-mets with nod-ding plumes, then the bod-ies of men, and soon an ar-my of sol-diers stood be-fore Cad-mus.

"Med-dle not with our civ-il war," said one of them to Cad-mus, and as he spoke, struck one of his earth-born breth-ren with his sword, kill-ing him, and was him-self pierced with an ar-row. At once all the sol-diers were kill-ing each oth-er, un-til but five were left. One of these cast a-way his weap-ons, saying, "Broth-ers, let us live in peace!" These five joined with Cad-mus in build-ing Thebes.

Cad-mus mar-ried Har-mo-ni-a, daugh-ter of Ve-nus, and the gods left Mount O-lym-pus to at-tend the wed-ding, Vul-can giv-ing her a wed-ding pres-ent of a won-der-ful neck-lace, made by his own hands.

Now the ser-pent killed by Cad-mus was a fa-vor-ite of Mars, who could not for-give the brave man for the loss of his pet mon-ster. There-fore, Mars sent dis-as-ters up-on the fam-i-ly of Cad-mus; his daugh-ter and grand-chil-dren per-ished by ac-ci-dent, and fi-nal-ly Cad-mus and Har-mo-ni-a left Thebes, go-ing to the land of the En-che-li-ans, who made him their king. But he grieved o-ver the loss of his chil-dren, and one day ex-claimed, "If a ser-pent's life is so dear to the gods, would that I were a ser-pent!" No soon-

er said, than he began to change into a serpent, and Harmonia prayed to the gods that she might share his fate. The wish was granted, and they live in the woods or fields, harmless to man, for mindful of their origin they never injure a living creature. They are known among us as the harmless garter snakes you sometimes see when playing in the woods.

THE STORY OF ECHO

Echo was a beautiful young lady, fond of the woods and hills, a favorite of Diana who often took her with her when she hunted the wild deer. Echo had just one failing; she was fond of argument and must always have the last word. In vain did Diana try to break her of the trick. "Some day," said she, "you will lose your best friend by this habit. It is not always the one who has the last word who is in the right; my advice is that you learn the art of silence. It is to words as gold is to silver."

But Echo only laughed. She did not like to be advised.

One morning Juno was looking for Jupiter. He had been away all night, and she thought she knew where to find him. Echo met her seeking her husband and knowing it would not be pleasant for him if she found him just then, Echo detained her by idle talk, until Jupiter was safe. When Juno discovered the trick, she was angry, and said to Echo: "By your tongue you have cheated me; for this you shall lose the use of it, except for the power of reply."

You may have the last word al-ways, but shall nev-er be a-ble to speak first."

Soon af-ter this, Ech-o met a young gen-tle-man friend, named Nar-cis-sus; she want-ed to speak with him, but he did not see her and so she fol-lowed him. Think-ing he heard a noise, Nar-cis-sus shout-ed, "Who's here?"

"Here," called Ech-o.

"Come," cried Nar-cis-sus.

Ech-o an-swered, "Come!"

No one came, and Nar-cis-sus called out, "Why do you shun me?"

"Shun me?" re-spond-ed Ech-o. Then she came near to him. But Nar-cis-sus did not care for her com-pa-ny just then, and he rude-ly ex-claimed:

"Keep a-way from me. You can-not have me."

"Have me," she said, but he ran a-way.

Then poor Ech-o was a-shamed as she thought how bold her words must have sound-ed to Nar-cis-sus, and she wandered a-way in-to the woods. From that time she lived in caves and a-mong moun-tain cliffs; her form fa-ded with grief, till at last all her flesh shrank a-way, and her bones were changed in-to rocks. There was noth-ing left of her but her voice. Strange to say, she is e-ven yet will-ing to re-ply to who-ev-er calls, and she keeps up her old hab-it of hav-ing the last word.

HE-RO AND LE-AN-DER

Dar-da-nelles is the name of the strait, or nar-row bod-y of wa-ter that con-nects the Sea of Mar-mo-ra with the Æ-ge-an Sea, and sep-a-rates Eu-rope and A-sia. In the old days



A GREAT WAVE WASHED THE BOD-Y UP ON THE BEACH.

it was known as the Hel-les-pont. In its nar-row-est part it is a mile wide, and a strong cur-rent sets through it, mak-ing great waves. In the town of A-by-dos, on the coast of A-sia, lived Le-an-der; on the op-po-site shore, in Ses-tos, was the home of his sweet-heart, He-ro. Le-an-der had no boat in

which to cross the wa-ter, but be-ing strong and a fine swim-mer, would swim the strait eve-ry night to meet his He-ro. He was guid-ed on his way by a burn-ing torch on top of a high tow-er that He-ro had built just for this one pur-pose. She would wait for him on the beach at the foot of this tow-er, and be there to wel-come him. You may be sure they loved each oth-er much; that He-ro was care-ful to light the torch in time, and that Le-an-der nev-er failed to make the trip. He knew that He-ro would wor-ry if he did not come.

There came a night when a fierce storm swept the sea and land. When He-ro light-ed the torch in the tow-er, she hard-ly ex-pect-ed Le-an-der that night. She would have told him to stay at home un-til the storm had ceased had there been a way of get-ting word to him, for she knew he was rash and fear-less of dan-ger, and she could best see how rough were the wa-ters from her look-out on the tow-er. And so she wait-ed for him on the sands, a great fear in her heart. The hour for his ar-riv-al had long gone past. Kneel-ing on the beach she prayed that Jove would bring him safe to her; but Le-an-der came not. Look-ing out o-ver the waves, she saw some-thing white; it was the up-turned face of Le-an-der, drowned and drift-ing a-shore. And there poor He-ro stood un-til a great wave washed the bod-y up on the beach and left it at her feet.

Then, in her aw-ful des-pair, He-ro climbed to the top of the tow-er, put out the light, and cast her-self in-to the wa-ter. Be-fore the storm end-ed the waves cast her bod-y a-shore,

close to Le-an-der, and there the fish-er-men found them in the morn-ing. The Greeks hon-ored her mem-o-ry by making a light-house of the tow-er, and Le-an-der's dar-ing act for sake of the one he loved is re-mem-bered e-ven to this day.

THE OR-I-GIN OF THE SPI-DER

When we look at some in-sects we won-der why they were made, and how it is they live up-on the earth. But we know that God cre-ates eve-ry liv-ing thing with some good ob-ject in view; and so we know that e-ven the spi-ders are here for some good pur-pose. But these An-cient Peo-ples did not un-der-stand as do we, and so they made this beau-ti-ful tale of the spi-der's or-i-gin.

Mi-ner-va, the god-dess of Wis-dom, the daugh-ter of Ju-pi-ter, was born full-grown, clad in com-plete ar-mor. She pre-si-ded o-ver all the use-ful and or-na-ment-al arts, such as ag-ri-cul-ture and nav-i-ga-tion for men; spin-ning, weav-ing and nee-dle work for wom-en. She was war-like but be-lieved on-ly in de-fen-sive war for the pro-tec-tion of one's home and coun-try, not in-va-sion of oth-er lands. Mars took charge of such cru-el-ties. The gods gave her Ath-ens as her own spe-cial place of a-bode aft-er a con-test with Nep-tune, in which each strove to pro-duce the gift most use-ful to mor-tals. Nep-tune gave the horse; Mi-ner-va brought the ol-ive. Now from the ol-ive is had food, oil for lamps, oint-ment for the bod-y, and it al-so has sev-er-al oth-er u-ses. So

the gods gave her the prize, the great Cit-y of Ath-ens, for her own.

Mi-ner-va had great skill in weav-ing and do-ing em-broid-er-y work, in-deed there was none like her. But in Ath-ens lived A-rach-ne, a young girl whose skill in such work was known all o-ver the land; from far and near la-dies came to see her work; it was beau-ti-ful when done, and a pret-ty sight to see her do-ing it. A-rach-ne took the wool right as it came from the sheep's back, formed it in-to rolls, or sep-a-ra-ted it with her deft fin-gers, card-ing it un-til it looked as light and soft as a cloud; twirled the spin-dle with skil-ful touch; wove the web, and then a-dorned it with her nee-dle. In-deed one would have said that Mi-ner-va had taught her. But A-rach-ne de-nied this; she did not wish to be con-sid-ered as the pu-pil e-ven of a god-dess.

"Let Mi-ner-va try her skill with mine," she said; "if I am beat-en, I will pay the pen-al-ty."

Mi-ner-va heard this, and was dis-pleased. She dis-guised her-self as an old wom-an, called on A-rach-ne and gave her some good ad-vice. "Chal-lenge your fel-low mor-tals if you wish, but do not hope to com-pete with a god-dess. As your friend, I ad-vise you to ask her par-don for what you have said; she is mer-ci-ful, per-haps she will par-don you."

A-rach-ne stopped her spin-ning, look-ing in an-ger at the old la-dy. "Keep your coun-sel for your own rel-a-tives," she said; "for my part, I know what I say and I stand by it. I am not a-fraid of Mi-ner-va. Let her try her skill with me if she dare ven-ture."

“Here she comes,” replied Mi-ner-va, and drop-ping her dis-guise she stood be-fore A-rach-ne.

At this the friends of the young la-dy, who had gath-ered to hear the con-ver-sa-tion, shrieked in ter-ror and sur-prise; A-rach-ne a-lone showed no fear. She blushed a lit-tle, then grew pale, but stood to her re-solve, and in fool-ish con-ceit with her own skill, rushed on to her fate. Mi-ner-va saw it was use-less to ar-gue with her. Each took her sta-tion and be-gan weav-ing. The slen-der shut-tles pass in and out among the threads; the reed with its fine teeth strikes up the woof in-to its place and com-pacts the web. Both work with speed; skil-ful hands move rap-id-ly; ex-cite-ment makes the la-bor light.

Mi-ner-va wrought the scene of her con-test with Nep-tune when she won the city of Ath-ens as the prize. It was meant as a warn-ing to her ri-val to give up the con-test be-fore it was too late.

A-rach-ne wove a tap-es-try show-ing the faults and er-rors of the gods; thus prov-ing her con-tempt for them and the god-dess who was near her. Mi-ner-va, while ad-mir-ing the skill of this dar-ing mor-tal, was in-dig-nant at the in-sult and im-pi-et-y of A-rach-ne, and strik-ing the web with her shut-tle tore it a-part. Then she touched the girl’s fore-head and made her feel her shame. This A-rach-ne could not en-dure; she went and hanged her-self.

Mi-ner-va felt sor-ry for her as she saw her hang-ing by a rope, and said:

“Live, guil-ty wom-an, and pre-serve the mem-o-ry of this les-son. Con-tin-ue to hang, you and your de-scend-ants, for all fu-ture time.”

At once A-rach-ne’s hair came out; her nose and ears disappeared; her form shrank up; her head grew smal-ler; her fin-gers grew to her side and serv-ed for legs. All the rest of her is bod-y, out of which she spins her thread, some-times hang-ing sus-pend-ed by it in the same at-ti-tude as when Mi-ner-va touched her and changed her in-to a spi-der.

NI-O-BE

The fate of A-rach-ne be-came known through all the coun-try; it was a warn-ing to mor-tals not to com-pare them-selves with the gods of heav-en or earth. All but Ni-o-be, queen of Thebes, gave heed to the warn-ing. She did not learn the les-son of hu-mil-i-ty. She had much to make her vain; but what e-lat-ed her the most was her chil-dren, sev-en boys and sev-en girls. And Ni-o-be took pains to let all she met know that she was proud of these chil-dren. If she was not proud of her-self, she was proud of them.

On a day when the peo-ple were cel-e-brat-ing in the tem-ple in hon-or of La-to-na and her two chil-dren, A-pol-lo and Di-an-a, came Ni-o-be. Her at-tire was splen-did with gold and gems; her face as beau-ti-ful as an an-gry wom-an’s face can be.

“What fol-ly is this,” she said, “to pre-fer be-ings whom you nev-er have seen to those who stand in your pres-ence? Why should La-to-na be hon-ored with wor-ship ra-ther than I?” Then she told of her rel-a-tives, of her wealth, and spoke of her own ap-pear-ance as wor-thy of a god-dess, but a-bove all, of her chil-dren, sev-en sons, and sev-en daugh-ters. “I am too strong for For-tune to sub-due. If much were ta-ken from me, yet would I have much left. Were I to lose some of my chil-dren yet would I have more than La-to-na with her two. Leave this sil-ly wor-ship. Go and en-joy your-selves.” And the peo-ple o-beyed.

La-to-na, in her home on Mt. Cyn-thus, heard her and was in-dig-nant. She pro-posed to A-pol-lo and Di-an-a im-me-di-ate pun-ish-ment for this reck-less and proud Ni-o-be. One aft-er an-oth-er the sons of Ni-o-be were slain by ar-rows from heav-en; her daugh-ters shared a like fate, all save one, her young-est, and she was snug-gled in Ni-o-be’s arms; in-deed it seemed as if her en-tire bod-y wrapped about the child.

“Spare me this one of so man-y,” she cried in an-guish, but e-ven as she spoke this child, too, dropped dead. Sons, daugh-ters all dead, Ni-o-be sat mo-tion-less, tor-pid with grief. At last she changed in-to a stone. A whirl-wind car-ried her to her na-tive moun-tain, and there she re-mains, a mass of rock, from which flows a trick-ling stream of crys-tal wa-ter, the tri-bute of her nev-er end-ing grief.

Next time you come to a spring flow-ing from a rock in the

woods, think of Ni-o-be and her un-ceas-ing tears, and her pun-ish-ment for fool-ish pride in the things that God a-lone had giv-en her in trust for Him.

THE SPHINX AND HER RID-DLE

A-mong the strange things taught in the Age of Myth-ol-o-gy was a be-lief in mon-sters, be-ings of un-nat-u-ral pro-por-tions, of great strength, fe-ro-cious and al-ways wil-ling to in-jure or an-noy man-kind. If you should read a-bout all of them, you might have the night-mare as you sleep in your lit-tle beds, so I will tell you a few of the best sto-ries a-mong them, and the first is as fol-lows:

The Cit-y of Thebes was af-flict-ed with a mon-ster that blocked the high-way, stop-ping all who tried to pass. It was called the Sphinx, and had the bod-y of a li-on, the shoul-ders and face of a wom-an. It lay crouched on a great rock. To all who wished to pass, it pro-posed a rid-dle; who failed to solve it was killed. Not one had passed by a-live, for none could give the an-swer. Œd-i-pus, son of the King of Thebes, but who had been driv-en from home by his cru-el fa-ther, came that way, and was stopped by the Sphinx. "An-swer this rid-dle," the mon-ster said, "and you may pass; fail, and you shall die." Œd-i-pus bold-ly a-wait-ed the ques-tion.

"Tell me," said the Sphinx, "what an-i-mal is that which in the morn-ing goes on four feet, at noon on two, and in the eve-ning up-on three?"

Ced-i-pus re-plied: "Man: in child-hood he creeps on hands and knees, in man-hood walks e-rect; and in old age, with the aid of a staff."

The Sphinx was so mor-ti-fied at the solv-ing of the riddle, that she cast her-self down from the rock and per-ished.

THE CEN-TAUR AND THE DOC-TOR

Of all the mon-sters, none but the Cen-taurs were ad-mitted to the so-ci-e-ty of man; they were gen-er-al-ly kind and well-be-haved, help-ing men in their la-bors; one in-deed, nam-ed Chi-ron, be-ing in-struct-ed by A-pol-lo and Di-an-a, was known for his skill in hunt-ing, med-i-cine and mu-sic.

The good doc-tor, who comes to see you when you are sick and gives you med-i-cine to make you well, though it does taste nas-ty some-times, calls him-self a Dis-ci-ple of Æs-cu-la-pi-us. When Æs-cu-la-pi-us was a ba-by, his fa-ther, A-pol-lo, gave him in care of Chi-ron, who taught the boy the Art of Med-i-cine, so that when he be-came a man this son of A-pol-lo could cure all kinds of ill-ness, and knew just what med-i-cine to pre-scribe for the sick. In-deed, so won-der-ful was his skill, it is said he once re-stored a dead man to life.

For this, Ju-pi-ter struck the good phy-si-cian with a bolt of light-ning, kill-ing him, but aft-er his death, took the good phy-si-cian to dwell with him a-mong the gods.

THE PYG-MIES AND THE CRANES

The Pyg-mies were a na-tion of dwarfs. They were so called be-cause of their height, pyg-my be-ing the Greek word for a cu-bit, or eight-een inch-es, so you can see they were in-deed lit-tle peo-ple. They lived near the source of the Riv-er Nile in Af-ri-ca. This be-lief in the Pyg-mies seems to have been found-ed on some knowl-edge of that part of Af-ri-ca for Doc-tor Liv-ing-stone and Hen-ry Stan-ley, who ex-plored that land, found a race of ver-y small peo-ple there, though not as lit-tle as these Pyg-mies. The cranes, fly-ing south from Greece, would take up their quar-ters in Pyg-my Land un-til Spring-time came. Soon as the poor lit-tle Pyg-mies saw these great long-leg-ged birds, with beaks so sharp they could pierce them through and through, that de-voured their gar-den crops, and ate the Pyg-mies' dogs and cats and cows and sheep, no big-ger than rats and mice, an a-larm was sent out, and the Pyg-my ar-my as-sem-bled to do bat-tle a-gainst the des-per-ate foe.

AT-A-LAN-TA AND HIP-PO-ME-NES

When At-a-lan-ta was yet a young girl, she fool-ish-ly had her for-tune told, and was fool-ish e-nough to be-lieve what was said.

"At-a-lan-ta," the for-tune tell-er said, "do not mar-ry;

mar-riage will be your ru-in.” So the frightened girl fled from so-ci-e-ty and de-vot-ed her-self to hunt-ing in the moun-tains. But she was beau-ti-ful and had lots of suit-ors. To all she pro-posed this: “I will be the prize of him who can out-run me, but he who fails shall be put to death.” Hip-po-me-nes was made judge of the race. When he saw At-a-lan-ta he wished he was to race; he felt sure he could out-run her, and she was so beau-ti-ful he was will-ing to risk the pen-al-ty of fail-ure. Aft-er the races, won by At-a-lan-ta, he could hard-ly wait un-til all her suit-ors were slain, and then he chal-lenged her him-self.

He was such a fine young man, At-a-lan-ta al-most prayed he might win, but she feared the fate fore-told by the fortune tell-er. For him-self, Hip-po-me-nes knew he must have help, so he prayed Ve-nus to aid him. She gave him three gold-en ap-ples and told him what to do with them.

A great crowd gath-ered to see the race. The sig-nal was giv-en and each start-ed for the goal, fair-ly skim-ming o-ver the sand, as swal-lows fly o-ver the wa-ter, just touch-ing it with their breasts. The spec-ta-tors cheered Hip-po-me-nes. “Do your best. Haste, haste, and you will pass her; you are gain-ing on her; run, run with all your might!”

But his breath be-gan to fail, and he had a long way yet to run. Just then he dropped one of the ap-ples. Such a bright look-ing yel-low ap-ple At-a-lan-ta had nev-er seen. She stops to pick it up. It is sol-id gold. But now Hip-po-me-nes has passed her; she must not halt a-gain or he will

win. Soon she is passing him once more, when another apple drops before her. Quickly she picks it up and hurries on. The goal is in sight, in a minute she will reach it first, when Hippomenes throws the third apple off to one side and she runs out of the way to get it. This costs her the race, and he is declared the winner. With great ceremony the wedding takes place. So happy are they that Hippomenes forgets to thank Venus for the help she gave him in the golden apples. This the goddess takes as an insult and decrees their death. She causes them to offend Cybele, who might not be insulted with impunity. As punishment she took from them the human form and turned them into animals whose characters resembled their own; of Atalanta she made a lioness, of Hippomenes a lion, and harnessed both to her chariot.

THE STORY OF HERCULES

When Hercules was born, Juno declared war against him; at once she sent two serpents to destroy him while he was yet in his cradle. But the infant strangled them with his hands. When he grew to be quite a lad, his cousin, Eurystheus, acting under orders from Juno, sent him on a series of desperate adventures, known as the "Labors of Hercules."

The valley of Nemea was infested by a terrible lion. His cousin ordered him to bring the skin of this beast.

Find-ing he could not kill him with club or ar-r-ows, Her-cu-les caught the li-on as the brute sprang at him, and stran-gled it with his hands. He car-ried the dead li-on home on his shoul-ders. This gave Eu-rys-the-us such a fright he or-dered him to leave such tro-phies of his strength out-side the walls of the city there-aft-er.

Next, he was com-mand-ed to slay the Hy-dra. This was a dread-ful mon-ster with nine heads. It was hor-rid to look at from a dis-tance, yet Her-cu-les at-tacked it with a club. He knocked off one head, and at once two grew in its place. This was not a good be-gin-ning, so he called his faith-ful man, I-o-la-us, to his aid, and, build-ing a fire a-round the Hy-dra, burned off its heads.

Next he must clean the Au-ge-an sta-bles, where the king had kept a herd of three thou-sand ox-en in stalls that had not been cleaned in thir-ty years. Her-cu-les turned the course of two riv-ers and made them flow through the sta-bles, clean-ing them nice-ly in one day.

The Am-a-zons, a war-like na-tion of wom-en, were ruled by a queen who wore a won-der-ful gir-dle, cov-ered with di-a-monds and gold or-na-ments. Ad-me-ta, Her-cu-les' sec-ond cous-in, wished to have this gir-dle and her fa-ther or-dered Her-cu-les to go and get it. These Am-a-zons eith-er put all their boy ba-bies to death or sent them out of the coun-try. Hyp-po-ly-ta, the queen, was kind to Her-cu-les, and prom-ised to give him her gir-dle. Just then Ju-no came a-mong them dis-guised as an Am-a-zon, told them Her-cu-

les was go-ing to car-ry a-way their queen, and bade them fol-low and res-cue her. Her-cu-les, think-ing the queen had be-trayed him, killed her, took the gir-dle and sailed for home.

In the coun-try E-ry-the-i-a, sup-posed to be Spain, dwelt Ger-yon, a mon-ster with three bod-ies. He had a yoke of ox-en, and these Eu-rys-the-us com-mand-ed Her-cu-les to get for him. Aft-er pass-ing through man-y lands, Her-cu-les reached the fron-tier of E-ry-the-i-a. Here he split a moun-tain in two, thus form-ing the Straits of Gi-bral-tar, the two moun-tains be-ing called the "Pil-lars of Her-cu-les."

The ox-en were guard-ed by the mon-ster and his two-head-ed dog but Her-cu-les killed both and brought the ox-en a-way.

The most dif-fi-cult task giv-en to Her-cu-les was to bring his cous-in the gold-en ap-ples of the Hes-per-i-des, for he knew not where to find them. These ap-ples Ju-no had re-ceived as a wed-ding pres-ent, and had giv-en them in the keep-ing of the daugh-ters of Hes-pe-rus, aid-ed by a fierce and watch-ful drag-on. Aft-er a long search through all the coun-tries of the world, Her-cu-les came to Mount At-las in Af-ri-ca. At-las had been con-demned to stand on this moun-tain and bear on his shoul-ders the weight of the heav-ens. He was the fa-ther of the Hes-per-i-des, and Her-cu-les was sure could find the ap-ples for him. But some one must bear the bur-den for him, while he was ab-sent on the search. "I will take your place," said Her-cu-les. So At-las shift-ed

the weight from his to Her-cu-les' shoul-ders, and aft-er a long search found the ap-ples, bring-ing them with him. But he had had such a good time, free from his bur-den, it took Her-cu-les a long time be-fore he could per-suade At-las to a-gain take the great weight up-on his back, and let him re-turn with the ap-ples to his cous-in.

An-tæ-us was a migh-ty gi-ant and wrest-ler who could be van-quished by none while he touched earth. All stran-gers com-ing to his coun-try, he com-pelled to wres-tle with him. Those he o-ver-came were put to death. This was the fate of all who met him un-til Her-cu-les came. Eu-rys-the-us, ho-ping he would fail, sent him to fight the gi-ant. Her-cu-les threw him man-y times, but find-ing that he al-ways rose from the earth stron-ger than be-fore, lift-ed him up and stran-gled him in the air.

His cous-in then sent him a-gainst a mon-ster gi-ant, Ca-cus by name, who dwelt in a cave on Mt. Av-en-tine and plun-dered the land, kill-ing the in-hab-i-tants and steal-ing their cat-tle. Her-cu-les was dri-ving home the ox-en of Ger-yon, when he passed that way. While rest-ing in sleep, Ca-cus stole one of the ox-en, and by drag-ging it by the tail to his cave, the tracks of the hoofs all point-ed the wrong way. This led Her-cu-les to look in the wrong di-rec-tion; he might nev-er have found it but in pass-ing the en-trance to the cave, he heard the sto-len ox low-ing for its fel-low. He en-tered the cave and killed the gi-ant.

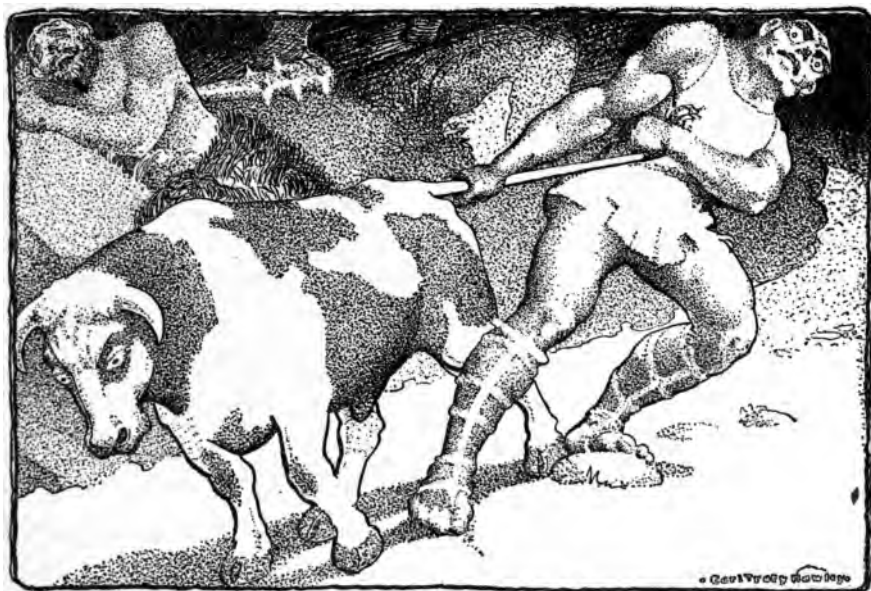
Eu-rys-the-us then bade him bring Cer-be-rus from the un-

der world. This Cer-be-rus was a hor-rid mon-ster, a three-head-ed dog. His hair was snakes, and when he barked, Ha-des, the place where he lived, trem-bled. He guard-ed the en-trance of Tar-tar-us, the place of the dead, fawn-ing on the dead who en-tered there, but de-vour-ing all who at-tempt-ed to re-turn.

Mer-cu-ry and Mi-ner-va ac-com-pa-nied Her-cu-les when he de-scend-ed in-to Ha-des. Plu-to, mas-ter of Cer-be-rus, told him he might car-ry the dog to the o-pen air, if he could do so with-out the use of weap-ons. Aft-er a ter-ri-ble strug-gle with the mon-ster, Her-cu-les o-ver-came him and, hold-ing him cap-tive, took him to his cous-in; then brought him back a-gain to Plu-to.

In all these years, Her-cu-les wore the skin of the li-on he had killed in the val-ley of Nem-e-a. But now a change seemed to come in his na-ture. In a fit of mad-ness, he killed his dear friend, Iph-i-tus, and for this was con-demned to be the slave of Queen Om-pha-le for three years. While the queen wore his li-on's skin, Her-cu-les passed the time do-ing wom-an's work, knit-ting and spin-ning with the hand-maid-ens of Om-pha-le, oft-en dress-ing like a wom-an. While slave to the queen, he mar-ried one of her maid-ens, named De-jan-i-ra, and lived hap-pi-ly with her for three years. Trav-el-ing with her one day, they came to a riv-er, a-cross which Nes-sus, a Cen-taur, car-ried trav-el-ers for a small fare. Her-cu-les ford-ed the riv-er, but gave De-jan-i-ra to Nes-sus to be car-ried a-cross. The Cen-taur at-tempt-ed to

run a-way with her, but Her-cu-les, hear-ing her screams for help, shot an ar-row in-to the heart of Nes-sus. The dy-ing Cen-taur told De-jan-i-ra to take some of his blood and keep it, as she could use it as a charm to pre-serve the love of her



DRAG-GING IT BY THE TAIL TO HIS CAVE.

hus-band. Be-fore long she fan-cied she had need to use the charm.

In one of his bat-tles, Her-cu-les had tak-en cap-tive a fair maid, named I-o-le, of whom he seemed too fond. When he would of-fer a sac-ri-fice to the gods, in hon-or of his vic-to-ry, he sent to his wife for the white robe worn on such oc-ca-sions. De-jan-i-ra thought this a good time to try the

charm; so she steeped the garment in the Centaur's blood. Then she washed out all traces of stain, but the magic power remained. It was really a poison, and the wicked Nessus knew what would happen when she made use of it; you see, he had really humbugged her as to the charm; he just knew she would use it, and so give him, though dead, a chance for revenge on her husband.

No sooner did the garment become warmed by the body of Hercules, than the poison penetrated all his limbs, causing him the most intense agony. In his frenzy, he seized Lichas who had brought it to him, and cast him into the sea. Then he tried to take off the garment, but it stuck to him, and with it he tore away great pieces of flesh. In this condition he came home to his wife. Horrified at the result of her folly, Dejanira hanged herself.

Overwhelmed with grief and misery, Hercules prepared to die. He ascended Mount Ceta, built a funeral pyre of trees, gave his bow and arrows to his dear friend, Philoctetes, laid himself down on the altar, his head resting on his club, his lion's skin covering him. With a peaceful smile he ordered Philoctetes to apply the torch, and soon all was wrapped in flames.

Seeing the sad end of the champion of Earth, the gods wept. But Jupiter smiling on them spoke:

"I am pleased to see your sorrow, my princes, and that my son Hercules enjoys your favor. But I say to you, fear not. He who conquered all else is not to be conquered

by these flames you see bla-zing on Mount Œ-ta. I shall bring him to the heav-en-ly shores, and you will re-ceive him kind-ly."

So when the flames had des-troyed all that was of earth in Her-cu-lès, the div-ine part, his soul, un-in-jured, start-ed forth with new vig-or, stand-ing e-rect in all the dig-ni-ty of a king be-side the dead ash-es of the al-tar. Then Ju-pi-ter, com-ing down to earth, en-vel-oped Her-cu-les in a cloud, and took him up in a four-horse char-i-ot to dwell a-mong the stars. As he took his place in heav-en At-las felt the add-ed weight.

THE-SE-US AND THE MIN-O-TAUR

The-se-us was the son of Æ-geus, king of Ath-ens; his moth-er's name was Æth-ra. When an in-fant she took him to the home of her fa-ther to bring him up, as her hus-band went a-way to the wars. He thought he might not come back, so left his sword and shoes un-der a great stone, tell-ing Æth-ra to send his son, when he be-came old e-nough, to roll a-way the stone and take them from un-der it. Some years aft-er that, she led The-se-us to the spot, and with ease he pushed the stone a-way and took his fa-ther's sword and shoes, for he was big e-nough then to wear the shoes with-out stuff-ing cot-ton in the tips, and strong e-nough to swing the sword o-ver his head and bring it down with a bang.

From there he was to proceed to Athens and visit his father.

Now the roads were infested by robbers, and his grandfather wished him to take the safe route by sea, but Theseus decided to go by land. He was a bold young man and brave. All the country was ringing with praises of Hercules, and Theseus felt sure he could do as great things as this hero. So off he started by land.

At the end of his first day's walk, he came to the home of Periphetes, a son of Vulcan. Periphetes was a savage, quarrelsome man; he carried a club of iron, attacking every stranger he met; all travelers stood in terror of him. He assailed Theseus, but the young man fought him and, soon overcoming the brutal fellow, took his club and bore it ever after as a token of his first victory. Then he had several battles with other bad monsters, punishing all of them. One of these was Procrustes, or the Stretcher. He had a real pretty iron bedstead, on which he invited all travelers to rest. If they were short, he stretched their limbs to make them fit the bed; if too long, he cut off their legs until they were short enough to fit. Of course, he buried them after they had tried his bed. Theseus first cut off the head of Procrustes and after he was dead rested on the bed.

His father welcomed him, and made him his successor to the throne, but Theseus did not rest in idleness. He found the inhabitants of Athens in great trouble. Minos,

king of Crete, forced them to pay a dread-ful tax to him. Each year they had to send sev-en boys and sev-en girls to Mi-nos to feed his Min-o-taur, a hor-rid crea-ture with a bull's bod-y and a man's head, and much big-ger than an el-e-phant, big-ger e-ven than the Won-der-ful E-lec-tric El-



WHEN THE MIN-O-TAUR AT-TACKED HIM, HE CUT OFF ITS HEAD.

e-phant of which Fran-ces Tre-go Mont-gom-er-y tells in her book by that name.

The Min-o-taur was kept in a lab-y-rinth, built for Mi-nos by one Dæd-a-lus; from it none could find the way out, un-less Mi-nos came and led them out, for he a-lone knew the way. The man, wom-an or child sent in-to this lab-y-rinth could

wan-der in it for years, all the time get-ting more lost and twist-ed up in the queer paths and turns, un-til they did not care what hap-pened to them. And then the Min-o-aur would come a-long and eat them up.

“I will go as one of the vic-tims,” said The-se-us; and though his fa-ther begged him to re-main at home, he went on board the ship, with the young peo-ple go-ing to this dread-ful fate. The sails of the ship were black, and all the peo-ple came to see them off, weep-ing and la-ment-ing o-ver the fate of these boys and girls. They must have thought one of them a won-der-ful-ly big boy, for The-se-us was now a man, but he called to them, prom-is-ing to bring all the oth-ers back, and that the ship should sail in-to the har-bor of Ath-ens with white sails in to-ken of his vic-to-ry.

When they came to Crete, these young peo-ple were exhib-it-ed to King Mi-nos, who thought them good e-nough to eat; The-se-us was so big, he said, the Min-o-aur would have an ex-tra meal out of him. But A-ri-ad-ne, the prin-cess, fell in love with The-se-us. She gave him a sword and a big spool of silk; the sword to kill the mon-ster, the silk thread to help him find the way out. The-se-us was sent in-to the lab-y-rinth a-lone. Un-ob-served he fas-tened the thread at the en-trance, and let the spool un-wind as he walked. When the Min-o-aur at-tacked him, he cut off its head, and guid-ed by the string came out of the puz-zle-place, took all the young folks on board the ship and start-ed home with them. But there was one more pas-sen-ger on board; her name was A-ri-ad-ne,

Then The-se-us did a mean and wick-ed thing. The ship stopped at Nax-os, where all went a-shore for a walk. Poor A-ri-ad-ne be-ing sleep-y thought to take a nap un-der a tree, and while she slept The-se-us called the rest to fol-low him and went on board the ship, sail-ing a-way and leav-ing his good friend be-hind. But as the ship came near Ath-ens he was think-ing of A-ri-ad-ne, and the cru-el trick he had played; he for-got to raise the white sails. His fa-ther, think-ing he had been slain by the mon-ster, put an end to his own life, and so did all the pa-rents of these chil-dren. So The-se-us be-came the king

DÆD-A-LUS AND PER-DIX, THE IN-VENT-ORS

This sto-ry tells of two in-vent-ors; one, of a fly-ing ma-chine that did not work real well; the oth-er, of two im-ple-ments in use to this day—the saw and the car-pen-ter's com-pass.

The lab-y-rinth from which The-se-us es-caped was built by Dæd-a-lus. When he had fin-ished his work, King Mi-nos shut him up in a tow-er lest he tell how one could find his way out of the queer pas-sa-ges and twirls in the strange ed-i-fice. From the tow-er he made his es-cape, but could not flee from the coun-try by boat, such a close watch was kept by or-der of the king.

“If I can-not sail a-way on the wa-ter, I will fly through the air,” said Dæd-a-lus to his young son, Ic-a-rus.

"I, too," said the boy; and to-gether they be-gan ma-king wings. Just like the wings of birds they made them in ap-pear-ance; the large feath-ers were se-cured with thread, the small-er with wax. Then Dæd-a-lus, wa-ving his wings like a bird, found him-self in the air. "Hoop-la!" he called to his son, "soon we shall fly a-way from here." Then he taught Ic-a-rus how to flap his wings, just like a young rooster on the fence. "My son," he said, "you must keep near to me, as we speed o-ver the sea. If you fly too near the waves, the damp will clog your wings; if too near the sun, the heat will melt the wax, and the feath-ers will come off."

Nev-er did a boy have such a fine time as Ic-a-rus when first they be-gan the jour-ney. It was no troub-le at all to speed through the air like a bird; he chat-ted with his fa-ther, spoke of the won-ders of sea and land on which they could look down. Pres-ent-ly he saw an ea-gle cleav-ing the air a-bove their heads. "I am go-ing up to scare the bird," he called. A-way he dart-ed, his fright-ened fa-ther call-ing him to come back. Too late he felt the hot rays of the sun; the wax be-gan to melt, the feath-ers fell off and blew a-way. At last noth-ing was left but the frame of the wings, and the poor lad fell like a stone in-to the sea and drowned.

Dæd-a-lus reached Sic-i-ly in safe-ty, built a tem-ple and in it hung his wings as an of-fer-ing to the gods. He was en-vi-ous of all who could in-vent. His neph-ew, Per-dix, walk-ing with him by the sea-shore, picked up the spine of a fish. Ta-king a piece of i-ron he notched the edge like the

fish-bone and fash-ioned the saw; then he took two strips of the met-al, con-nect-ed them at one end with a riv-et and sharp-en-ing the oth-er ends, made a compass. Jeal-ous of his neph-ew, Dæd-a-lus pushed him off a high tow-er. Mi-ner-va, see-ing him fall-ing, caught and changed him in-to a par-tridge. The name of this bird, in Greek, is Per-dix, aft-er this young in-vent-or.

THE WOOD-CHOP-PER'S PUN-ISH-MENT

Ce-res, the god-dess of corn and har-vests, had a beau-ti-ful grove ded-i-ca-ted to her. Here the fair-ies came to dance and play in the moon-light eve-nings, while the good peo-ple gath-ered to watch them. Some of these fair-ies lived in-side the great trees, and the peo-ple took great care that no man should chop down such trees for they feared the wrath of Ce-res. But a-long came a man with an ax one day. His name was E-ris-ich-thon, a rough, hard man, who thought all this talk a-bout the god-dess-es and fair-ies was hum-bug. It made him an-gry to hear them speak of such things. He came where the peo-ple had gath-ered to watch the pret-ty dan-ces of the good fair-ies; he heard them speak of the trees in which they lived, and he turned pur-ple with rage.

In the grove was a grand oak-tree. It was the glo-ry of the place. A line twen-ty-two feet long would just go round it, and the pret-ty woods-fair-ies join-ing hands, ma-king a cir-cle, de-light-ed to dance a-round this oak. And so the good

people living near felt great respect for this grand old tree.

E-ris-ich-thon began counting on his fingers. When his neighbors asked what he was doing he said: "I am just counting the number of fence posts I can get out of that tree." Then he ordered his men to cut it down. They looked at it, whispering something about the gods owning it and the good fairies of the wood, called Dry-ads, living inside of it; and no man moved. Then said E-ris-ich-thon: "What care I for gods or goddesses, or Dry-ads? If Ceres herself stood in the way I would cut it down"; and he struck a great blow with the ax. But as he struck, the tree seemed to shrink and groan; blood flowed from the gash made by the ax.

The bystanders, in horror, crowded up on E-ris-ich-thon, and one strove to hold his arm. With scorn E-ris-ich-thon said, "Take this for your piety!" and struck him with the ax, cutting off his head.

Now a strange thing happened. From inside the oak came a voice, saying: "I who dwell in this tree am a fairy, well beloved by the goddess Ceres, and dying by your hands, I warn you that dreadful punishment awaits you." But E-ris-ich-thon said, "Who's afraid?" and went right on cutting down the tree, and soon it fell with a crash, striking and bringing down with it many other trees in the grove.

And now, all the Dry-ads, sorrowing over the death of

their sis-ter, go to Ce-res, be-seech-ing her to pun-ish the wick-ed tree chop-per. Ce-res nod-ded con-sent, and as she did so, the ripe fields of grain bowed al-so. She planned a pun-ish-ment so dread-ful, you can hard-ly guess it. She would de-liv-er him o-ver to Fam-ine. So she called an O-re-



WOODS-FAIR-IES DE-LIGHT-ED TO DANCE A-ROUND THIS OAK.

ad, one of the fair-ies dwell-ing on the hill-tops near-est the sun, and thus com-mand-ed her:

“In the far-thest part of ice-clad Scyth-i-a is a sad and des-o-late re-gion with-out trees or crops. Cold dwells there, and Fear and Fam-ine. Go to Fam-ine, and tell her to take pos-ses-sion of E-ris-ich-thon. Do not go too near Fam-ine,

lest she o-ver-whelm you, al-so." Then she gave the O-re-ad her char-i-ot and drag-ons; they, fly-ing swift-ly, brought her to the land of Fam-ine. There she found the black gowned god-dess in a field of stones, pull-ing up with teeth and hands the scant-y herb-age. Her hair was rough, her eyes sunk-en in her head, her face pale, her lips white, her jaws cov-ered with dust, and her skin drawn so tight the O-re-ad could see all her bones. She spoke to her from a-far, and yet e-ven then she be-gan to feel hun-gry, and could hard-ly wait un-til she got home to din-ner. She felt half-starved.

Fam-ine did as Ce-res had com-mand-ed. She sped through the air to the home of E-ris-ich-thon, found him a-sleep, fold-ed her wings a-bout him, and breathed in-to his lungs. Then she re-turned to her des-ert home. And now, in his dreams, E-ris-ich-thon craved food, mov-ing his jaws as in eat-ing. When he a-woke he was wild for food. He called for it, and though e-nough for ten men was brought him, yet he want-ed more. The more he ate the more he craved. At last his hun-ger com-pelled him to de-vour his own limbs, and then to nour-ish his bod-y by eat-ing his bod-y un-til there was noth-ing left to eat—and then I guess he died. He nev-er a-gain cut down the beau-ti-ful trees.

COR-NU-CO-PI-A, THE HORN OF PLEN-TY

The sto-ry of E-ris-ich-thon was told to The-se-us and his friends by the riv-er god, Ach-el-ous. When he had fin-ished

he said: "But why should I tell of these strange happenings to others, when I myself am an instance of such power. Sometimes I am a serpent, and sometimes a bull with horns on my head; though now I can have but one horn." Then he began to moan. The-se-us asked him to explain, and he told this story:

"Her-cu-les and myself quar-reled o-ver De-jan-i-ra, a fair maid. Her-cu-les boast-ed of his strength and la-bors and vic-to-ries; I, of my pow-er as king of the wa-ters that flow through the land. He at-tacked me and was a-bout to o-ver-come me, when I turned my-self in-to a ser-pent and gli-ded a-way. 'It was the la-bor of my child-hood to con-quer snakes,' he said, and clasp-ing my neck in his hands, near-ly killed me. Then I be-came a bull, but he threw me on the sand, and then tore off one of my horns. The fair-ies took it, and fill-ing it with fra-grant flow-ers gave it to Plen-ty, who made it her own, and called it Cor-nu-co-pi-a."

OR-PHEUS AND EU-RYD-I-CE

Or-pheus was the son of A-pol-lo and Cal-li-o-pe. His fa-ther gave him a harp, on which he learned to play so sweet-ly no mor-tal could with-stand the charm of the mu-sic. When you hear the steam cal-li-o-pe toot-ing a-way in the cir-cus pa-rade, you will think of the moth-er of this god of mu-sic. E-ven wild beasts de-light-ed to hear him play, and stood en-tranced. In-deed, the trees and rocks lost some of

their hard-ness as the won-der-ful mu-sic came from his harp-strings.

He loved his wife, Eu-ryd-i-ce, with all his heart, and for a time they were real hap-py; but one day, while she was run-ning through the grass, she trod on a snake. It bit her foot and she died. Or-pheus sang of his grief in sad mu-sic, but at last start-ed to bring her back to him from the regions of the dead. He took his harp with him. When Cha-ron fer-ried him o-ver the Riv-er Styx the old fel-low said it was the best mu-sic he had heard in a long time. Ar-ri-ving at the realm of Plu-to, Or-pheus passed through a crowd of ghosts, and stood be-fore the King of Un-der-World. He began to sing, say-ing:

“Oh, King to whom we all must come, hear my words I pray! I come not to spy out the dark se-crets of your a-bode, nor to try my strength with the three-head-ed dog with snakes for hair that guards the en-trance. I come to seek my wife. Love has led me here, that god all-pow-er-ful with us who dwell on earth, and, it has been said, as pow-er-ful here. I im-plore you then, oh, Plu-to, u-nite the thread of my dear wife’s life and give her back to me. And when she shall have filled the full term of her life she will come to you with a smile up-on her face, as we all should come when the an-gels bid us go. If you de-ny me, I can-not re-turn a-lone.”

As he sang thus ten-der-ly the ghosts shed tears. Plu-to could not re-sist, and call-ing Eu-ryd-i-ce, bade her go hence with Or-pheus. She came forth from a-mong the new

ghosts, limp-ing on her wound-ed foot. Or-pheus could take her un-der one con-di-tion: He must not look back up-on her un-til she should have reached the World of Life. She fol-lowed as he led her through the dark ways in to-tal si-lence. They had al-most reached the out-let; it was grow-ing light; soon he could see his dear wife a-gain—alas! he could wait no long-er, and turn-ing looked up-on her face. In-stant-ly she was borne back in-to the Un-der-World. But she could not chide her hus-band's im-pa-tience to be-hold her; she cried “Fare-well! A last fare-well!” and dis-ap-peared.

Or-pheus tried to fol-low but Cha-ron re-pulsed him; he would not fer-ry him o-ver the riv-er a-gain. Sev-en days the poor fel-low lin-gered on the bank of the riv-er with-out food or sleep. Then he wan-dered up in-to the moun-tains, and to the rocks and wild beasts he sang of his lost Eu-ryd-i-ce. It melt-ed the hearts of ti-gers, and moved the oaks from their pla-ces. Young la-dies tried to talk to him, but he would not speak. He played on his harp, and mag-ic kept them from com-ing near to him. At last, vexed with him for his si-lence, they crowd-ed a-bout him, seized and tore him to piec-es, throw-ing the bits with his harp in-to the riv-er Heb-rus, down which they float-ed, mur-mur-ing sad mu-sic. The Mu-ses gath-ered up the frag-ments and bur-ied them. It is said the night-in-gales sing more sweet-ly o-ver his grave than in an-y oth-er spot in Greece.

Or-pheus once more en-tered the Un-der-World, found his Eu-ryd-i-ce, and to-geth-er they wan-der hap-pi-ly con-tent,

o-ver hill and dale, and he ga-zes up-on her as much as he likes. Ju-pi-ter hung his harp in the sky.

MEL-AM-PUS AND THE SER-PENTS

Mel-am-pus was the first mor-tal to whom was giv-en the pow-er of proph-e-sy-ing. He could pre-dict things long be-fore they hap-pened. In front of his home stood a tree, contain-ing a ser-pent's nest. His ser-vants killed the old ser-pents but Mel-am-pus res-cued the young ones from the men, and took care of them, feed-ing them care-ful-ly. One day while he slept un-der the oak, the lit-tle snakes licked his ears with their fun-ny long tongues. When he a-woke, Mel-am-pus found he could un-der-stand the lan-guage of birds, an-i-mals and all creep-ing things. He heard them talk-ing to each oth-er a-bout earth-quakes and great storms that were com-ing long be-fore they hap-pened, as well as man-y oth-er things. These he told to the peo-ple, and as all came true Mel-am-pus be-came a great won-der. Of course, he did not tell how he learned of these things.

One time his en-e-mies took him cap-tive and im-pris-oned him in a great wood-en build-ing. At night he heard the wood-worms in the tim-bers talk-ing to-geth-er and they said soon the tim-bers would fall for they were near-ly eat-en through; then the roof would fall too, and kill all who were under it. He told his cap-tors; they un-bound his chains and took him out with them. Soon the build-ing fell, just as the

wood-worms had said. Mel-am-pus was made a prince and giv-en great hon-ors.

TI-THO-NUS, THE GRASS-HOP-PER

Au-ro-ra, the god-dess of the Dawn, fell in love with a mortal, Ti-tho-nus, son of the King of Troy. She stole him a-way from the pal-ace and pre-vailed on Ju-pi-ter to grant him im-mor-tal-i-ty. But Au-ro-ra for-got to have per-pet-u-al youth join-ed with the gift, and aft-er a few years she found that Ti-tho-nus was grow-ing old. When his hair was quite white she left him, but he still had the run of her pal-ace, lived on am-bro-sia and wore ce-les-tial gar-ments. At last he lost the pow-er of u-sing his limbs, and she shut him up in his room. Some-times she could hear his fee-ble voice at night. Then she turned him in-to a grass-hop-per.

THE TRO-JAN WAR

Mi-ner-va, the god-dess of Wis-dom, once did a fool-ish thing. She ap-peared in a beau-ty show with Ju-no and Ve-nus.

All the gods and god-dess-es, ex-cept E-ris, or Dis-cord, had been in-vi-ted to a great wed-ding. Vexed be-cause she had not been asked, E-ris threw a gold-en ap-ple in a-mong the guests; on it was writ-ten, "For the most beau-ti-ful."

Ju-no, Ve-nus and Mi-ner-va claimed the ap-ple. They

wished Ju-pi-ter to de-cide, but he was wise, and chose to give the task to Par-is, a hand-some shep-herd who tend-ed his flocks on Mount I-da. The ri-vals were sent to him that he might de-cide. Each one prom-ised him a re-ward to judge in her fa-vor; Ju-no would give him pow-er and rich-es; Mi-ner-va, glo-ry and re-nown in war; Ve-nus would give him the most beau-ti-ful wom-an for his wife. He de-ci-ded in fa-vor of Ve-nus; thus he made the god-dess-es, Ju-no and Mi-ner-va, his en-e-mies for life. Guid-ed by Ve-nus he sailed to Greece, to vis-it Men-e-la-us, King of Spar-ta. His wife, Hel-len, was the one Ve-nus meant for Par-is, and she per-suad-ed her to e-lope with the young man, who took her to Troy. From this sprang the great Tro-jan War.

I shall tell now just a few of the strange things that hap-pened, both to the Greeks and the Tro-jans. These peo-ple had to be care-ful not to of-fend the gods and god-dess-es, man-y of whom you have al-read-y heard.

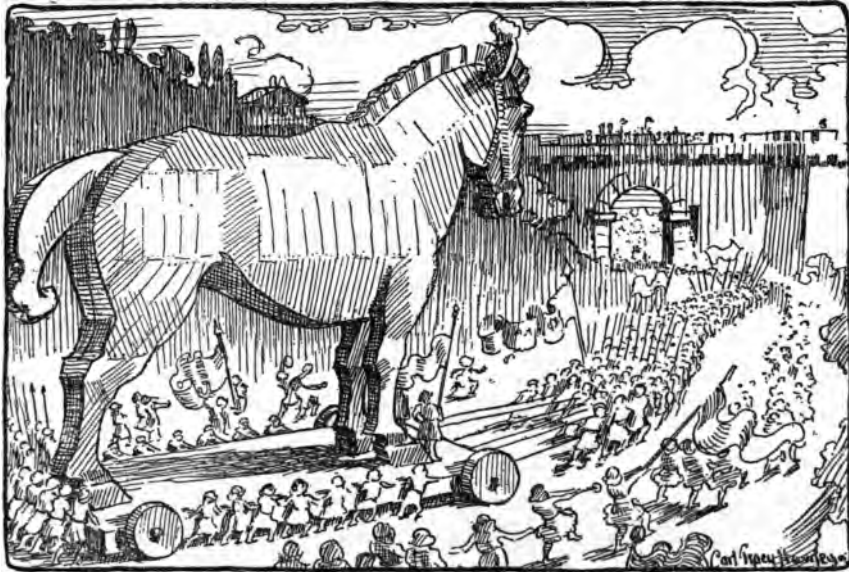
THE SA-CRED DEER

Ag-a-mem-non, a Greek gen-er-al, while hunt-ing, killed a deer be-long-ing to Di-an-a. She sent pes-ti-lence in-to the ar-m-y and a calm that kept their ships from sail-ing. The daugh-ter of Ag-a-mem-non must be sac-ri-ficed to save the men. Her name was Iph-i-ge-ni-a. She was brought and laid on the al-tar; then Di-an-a chang-ed her mind, and snatch-ing her a-way, car-ried her in a cloud to her home and made

her a priest-ess in the Tem-ple of Di-an-a. The sick re-cov-ered, the winds blew, and the fleet sailed for Troy.

A WON-DER-FUL WOOD-EN HORSE

More than nine years the Greeks and Tro-jans fought. Then one of the Greek gen-er-als played a trick on the Tro-



WITH LONG ROPES PULLED THE HORSE IN-TO THE CIT-Y.

jans, who had all this time been shut up in-side the great stone walls of the cit-y of Troy. You can think how much they want-ed to go out in-to the coun-try and walk through the fields and un-der the trees, just as you and I love to do, aft-er the long win-ter has passed and spring-time days are here.

U-lys-ses had his men build a great horse of wood, just like your paint-ed toy horse, on-ly hol-low in-side. They said it was a gift to Mi-ner-va, who was help-ing the Tro-jans, and they want-ed her to for-give them and let them go home in peace. Then, in the night, men of the Gre-cian ar-my went in-side the horse, and wait-ed for what was to hap-pen. Aft-er a long time they heard some-thing stri-king a-gainst the out-side, and soon the great horse be-gan to move on its wood-en wheels. It would go a lit-tle way, then stop. They could hear a rum-ble of voi-ces, some say-ing this, some that; and then for a long time no one seemed near it. A-gain the horse moved, this time as if go-ing some-where, and aft-er a while they could tell by the wheels rum-bling o-ver cob-ble stones, that the Tro-jans had ta-ken it in-side the walls of Troy. These walls were zig-zag, not straight, so the Greeks when they would try to climb them could be at-tacked by the Tro-jans from three sides at once. Ask your grand-ma and she will show you their shape, for when she was a girl she would make the "Walls of Troy" in em-broid-er-y work, or sew braid on her a-prons in a pat-tern called by that name.

So at last the Greeks were in-side the cit-y. Now I will tell what the Tro-jans did when they found the wood-en horse.

The ships had sailed a-way out of sight. They did not know they were just wait-ing a-round the cor-ner to come back as soon as the men in-side the horse came out; in-deed, they thought the horse was sol-id wood, a gift to the god-dess

Mi-ner-va, who was help-ing the Tro-jans. They crowd-ed a-round it, all talk-ing at once. Some were a-fraid of it, oth-ers want-ed to take it in-to the cit-y. Then spoke up La-oc-o-on, the priest of the Tem-ple of Nep-tune, say-ing: "What mad-ness is this! Do you not know the tricks of these Greeks? For my part I fear them e-ven when they of-fer us a gift." Then he threw his spear a-gainst the side of the horse; it gave a hol-low sound, like a groan. Now the Tro-jans might have ta-ken his ad-vice, and burned the horse and all the men in-side, but sud-den-ly a crowd came up with a pris-on-er, a Greek, Si-non by name, who said he had been left be-hind when the Greeks fled. This cun-ning man told them it was of sol-id wood, had been built so large to pre-vent the Tro-jans from ta-king it in-to Troy, and that a Greek proph-et had told them if the Tro-jans took the horse, they would be sure to tri-umph in the war.

E-ven yet the peo-ple were not quite sure. Then sud-den-ly two mon-ster snakes were seen com-ing o-ver the sea. They crawled on the land and came right to the spot where stood La-oc-o-on with his two sons. They at-tacked the boys; the fa-ther strove to res-cue them; soon all three were in the coils of the ser-pents and were killed. The Tro-jans said this was proof that La-oc-o-on had been wick-ed in talk-ing a-against the gift to Mi-ner-va, and that it served him right. Then they formed a pa-rade, and with long ropes pulled the horse in-to the cit-y, sing-ing be-fore it and ma-king mer-ry. This shows how sil-ly peo-ple can be some-times.

When night came, the cun-ning Si-non let out the men inside the wood-en horse, and o-pened the gates in the walls to the Greeks who had come back in their ships. Troy was set on fire, the Tro-jans, o-ver-come by feast-ing and drink-ing and want of sleep, were put to death, and Troy was cap-tured by the Greeks.

THE FATE OF HEL-LEN

Hel-len, the cause of the Tro-jan War and all the dreadful slaugh-ter, was found in Troy, where Par-is had ta-ken her, and meet-ing her hus-band Men-e-la-us, was glad to see him, and they were a-mong the first to sail a-way from Troy. But the gods were an-gry with Hel-len, and so the ship was driv-en by con-tra-ry winds and blown to the shores of E-gypt. They were well treat-ed, re-ceived man-y gifts, of which Hel-len's share was a gold-en spin-dle and a bas-ket on wheels; the bas-ket to hold wool and spools for the pret-ty queen's work. Fi-nal-ly they reached Spar-ta in safe-ty, and once more reigned as king and queen of that coun-try.

THE LAND OF THE LO-TUS EAT-ERS

U-lys-ses, who was an old friend of Hel-len's and her hus-band, had a hard-er time get-ting back to his own king-dom of Ith-a-ca. Such strange ad-ven-tures he had, that I must tell you of some of them, though you need not be-lieve them

if you do not wish to. But I am sure the Greek school children said every word was true.

After leaving Troy his ship landed at some strange countries. The first was called The Land of the Lotus Eaters.

Here the ship took fresh water, and then Ulys-ses sent three of his men to meet the inhabitants. The Lotus Eaters were glad to see them, and gave them food of the lotus plant to eat. This had a strange effect. Whoever ate of it at once forgot his home and wished to stay forever in Lotus Land. Of course, these men did not return to the ship. At last Ulys-ses had to go after them and drag them away, tying them with ropes to keep them on board the ship.

THE CY-CLOPS

These were giants, living by themselves in their own land. They were unlike other giants in that each had but one eye,—a round eye—right in the middle of his forehead. The name “Cy-clop” means “round eye.” These giants were shepherds, and at night sheltered themselves, their flocks of sheep and goats in great caves.

Ulys-ses landed with his men on the island, bringing a jar of wine as a present for the men they might meet. Coming to a large cave and finding nobody at home, they walked in to look around. In it were stores of cheese, pails and bowls of milk, little lambs and kids in their pens; everything in apple pie order. Suddenly came the owner of

the cave, Mr. Pol-y-phe-mus, bearing a great bun-dle of fire-wood, which he threw down at the mouth of the cave, and drove in the sheep and goats for it was time to milk them. Then he put a rock, near-ly as big as a house, to block the en-trance of the cave. This was so strange gi-ants could not get in at night. Hav-ing milked his ewes, he set some of the milk a-side for cheese, drank a mon-ster bowl-ful him-self, and then be-gan clean-ing up the cave, for he was a real neat house-keep-er e-ven if he had but one eye.

Now you may think how fright-ened were the Greeks, wait-ing to be dis-cov-ered where they had no busi-ness to be. When Pol-y-phe-mus saw them, he growled, "Who are you? What do you want in my par-lor?" And his voice was like thun-der. U-lys-ses said they were on their way home to Greece, from a long war with the Tro-jans, and had just dropped in to say "How-do-you-do." The gi-ant made an-swer by grab-bing two of the men, dashed their brains out a-gainst the wall of the cave, and then be-gan to eat their bod-ies. Was not that just aw-ful?

Aft-er he had eat-en them, he lay down and slept as if noth-ing had hap-pened. U-lys-ses would have killed him, but re-mem-bered the rock at the door was so heav-y he and his men could not move it; so he wait-ed un-til morn-ing. When day-light came the gi-ant got up, killed two more of the Greeks and ate them for break-fast. Then he moved a-way the rock, drove out his flock, and rolled the rock up a-gain, shut-ting in his vis-it-ors.

While the mon-ster was gone, U-lys-ses planned how to kill him and es-cape with his men. He had them pre-pare a great bar of wood the Cy-clops used for a cane. They sharp-ened the end of it, charred it in the fire to make it hard as steel, then hid it un-der some straw. Pol-y-phe-mus came back



"MY NAME IS NO-MAN," HE RE-PLIED.

that night, as u-su-al, killed two more Greeks and ate them for sup-per. When he had picked the bones, U-lys-ses ap-proached with a bowl of wine, which he gave the gi-ant, in-vi-ting him to drink. It was good; he asked for more, and soon drank up all they had brought with them. He asked U-lys-ses his name.

"My name is No-man," he re-plied.

"Thank you for the drink," said Pol-y-phe-mus, "I will eat you the last; you have been so kind to me." Then he fell a-sleep.

Now the time had come to use the sharp stick. The drunk-en gi-ant lay on his back, snor-ing like ten thous-and men with colds in their heads, and U-lys-ses and four of his men drew near. He poised the sharp stick right o-ver the gi-ant's eye. "Now! Down with it!" he shout-ed, and all four brought the point straight in-to the one big eye. Such a howl-ing and roar-ing! The cave fair-ly shook. The Cy-clops liv-ing in that part of the is-land came out of their caves; they could not move the rock, but called in through the cracks to learn the troub-le.

"I am dy-ing," howled the gi-ant; "and No-man has killed me."

They called back, "If no man has killed thee, then it is Jove who has done it, and thou must bear the stroke." Then they went back to their caves.

In the morn-ing U-lys-ses had his men har-ness the sheep three a-breast, u-sing wil-low rods and bark. The gi-ant rolled a-round un-til he felt the rock at the en-trance and moved it a-way; then stood feel-ing the sheep and goats as they went out to make sure the Greeks did not es-cape. But each one hung down be-tween the mid-dle ram and one on the out-side of the team so that all got past the gi-ant. U-lys-ses was the last one out. All ran to the ship; and just as they

left shore, U-lys-ses shout-ed to the Cy-clops, tell-ing who it was that had blind-ed him. The gi-ant lift-ed the rock at his door, and threw it in the di-rec-tion of the voice, just miss-ing the ship, but near-ly swamp-ing it by the great wave the rock made when it struck the wa-ter.

THE IS-LAND OF Æ-O-LUS

Æ-o-lus gov-erned the winds; could send them forth or re-tain them at will. He treat-ed U-lys-ses kind-ly, gave him and his men good food, and as he said good-bye pre-sent-ed U-lys-ses with a bag-ful of winds. It held all the winds that might wreck the ship or drive it out of the home-ward course; and Æ-o-lus com-mand-ed fair winds to fill their sails. For nine days the ship made fine prog-ress. The men grew cu-ri-ous to know what was in the bag; U-lys-ses dare not sleep lest they o-pen the sack. But on the tenth day he could not keep a-wake, and slept sound-ly. The men were sure the bag held treas-ures; they cut the string and out rushed all the wild winds, dri-ving the ship right back to the is-land of Æ-o-lus. The god was so vexed at their dis-o-be-di-ence, he re-fused to help them; and they had to row their ship all the way to their next stop-ping place.

CIR-CE, THE DAUGH-TER OF THE SUN

Cir-ce was a pow-er-ful ma-gi-cian. It was her cus-tom to give feasts of wine and rare fruits, and then aft-er her

guests had eat-en all they could and drank more than was good for them, touch-ing them with her wand, she would turn them in-to an-i-mals, yet with mind and in-tel-lect as when they were men. Her pal-ace was sur-round-ed with li-ons, ti-gers and leap-ards, once men who had been changed by her mag-ic.

Cir-ce thus be-witched half the men from the ship, turn-ing them into swine, in head, bod-y, voice and bris-tles. These she shut in the sties and fed with a-corns and oth-er food hogs love to eat. One who es-caped re-turned to the ship and told U-lys-ses of what had hap-pened. U-lys-ses sought to res-cue the men and a-lone vis-it-ed Cir-ce's pal-ace. On the way he met Mer-cu-ry, who tried to dis-suade him; but find-ing U-lys-ses de-ter-mined, Mer-cu-ry gave him a spring of mo-ly, a plant said to re-sem-ble the on-ion; this he said would help him re-sist her mag-ic.

Cir-ce wel-comed U-lys-ses, gave him food and wine, and then touch-ing him with her wand, said: "Go! Seek the sty and wal-low with thy friends!"

In-stead of o-bey-ing, he drew his sword and rushed at her with fu-ry in his face. She fell on her knees, beg-ging mer-cy. He com-pelled her to prom-ise to re-store his men to their o-rig-i-nal shape, to give them a good din-ner, then let them go in safe-ty. All of which Cir-ce did. Be-sides, she warned U-lys-ses of two dread-ful mon-sters he would soon meet.

SCYL-LA AND CHA-RYB-DIS

Scyl-la, once a pret-ty young la-dy, had been changed in-to a mon-ster with six snake-like heads, a hid-e-ous crea-ture, in-deed. She made her home in a cave, high up on the cliffs that bound-ed the sides of Cha-ryb-dis, a chasm or gulf, through which three times a day the wa-ter rushed and three times was forced out. A ves-sel com-ing near at such times was sure to be lost; not e-ven Nep-tune could save it.

Scyl-la, reach-ing out her snake-like heads to seize the sail-ors as their ship tried to a-void Cha-ryb-dis, left them lit-tle choice as to their fate. You can im-ag-ine the ter-ror of U-lys-ses and his men, as their ship ap-proached this dread-ful spot. They could not see the heads of the snake mon-ster. She cun-ning-ly hid her-self; and while they were watch-ing the hor-rid mouth of Cha-ryb-dis, Scyl-la quick-ly reached out and grabbed six of the men. Their shrieks were fright-ful, as she bore them to her den. But U-lys-ses man-aged to pass through this dan-ger-ous place with-out great-er loss.

THE IS-LAND OF THE SUN

Trin-ak-ri-a was an is-land where were pas-tured the cat-tle of Hy-pe-ri-on, the Sun, by two of his daugh-ters. Who-ever chose could stop at the is-land, but must not in-jure one of the cat-tle, for they were sa-cred to the Sun. His men

wanted to land, and U-lys-ses explained the danger to them; then they went on shore. He sailed in the near-by waters. A storm drove his ship far a-way. When he returned for the men he found they had been driven by hunger to kill some of the cattle. When they skinned them the hides crept on the ground; when they cooked the meat, it lowed on the fire, just like the cattle when a-live.

They sailed a-way from the horrible place, but had not gone far when a storm arose; lightning shattered the mast and killed the pilot; the ship went to pieces, and all the men were lost, except U-lys-ses, who, clinging to the wreck, drifted a-shore on Calypso's land.

From here he escaped at last on a raft. His clothing, now all in rags, was torn from him by the waves, and when he was cast up on the shore of a strange land, he had not a thing to wear; so he hid himself in the woods to wait, wondering what he should do if no one came that way, and yet ashamed to meet them when they did. Here he fell a-sleep; and while he slept, Nausica-a, daughter of Alcinous, the King of Phæacia, with her maids came to the sea-shore to play in the sands. Their voices a-woke U-lys-ses, and peering out from the bushes, he told of his fate and lack of clothes. Nausica-a was real kind and sent some of her brothers' clothing to him. Then she bade him come to the palace and meet the king.

At the palace they were having a feast, and a man told the story of the siege of Troy and of the Wooden Horse and mentioned U-lys-ses and said he had been slain there.

Soon U-lys-ses told who he was, and they made a great fuss o-ver him. He could have re-mained there al-ways, and been wealth-y, for the Prin-cess would have been glad to mar-ry him, but he re-mem-bered his wife and fam-i-ly in Ith-a-ca, and asked the king to send him there in one of his ships.



KING U-LYS-SES AND QUEEN PE-NEL-O-PE A-GAIN. SAT ON THE THRONE.

This was done; and at last he reached home aft-er be-ing gone twen-ty years. And Pe-nel-o-pe was glad to see him. He pun-ished a lot of im-pu-dent fel-lows who thought him dead, and then King U-lys-ses and Queen Pe-nel-o-pe a-gain sat on the throne.

MOD-ERN MON-STERS

We will close these sto-ries of The Age of Fa-ble by descri-bing a few more modern mon-sters that were be-lieved in not so man-y years a-go; in-deed, there may be some peo-ple to-day who have faith in them, and one of them, the U-ni-corn, is to be seen on old Eng-lish gold coins to-day. In-deed the Eng-lish coat-of-arms has on it a li-on and a u-ni-corn hold-ing up the crown, and this gave rise to the old coup-let of

“The Li-on and the U-ni-corn
Were fight-ing for the crown;
The Li-on beat the U-ni-corn
All a-round the town.”

And there are quite a few peo-ple who be-lieve there are sal-a-man-ders, liz-ard-like crea-tures, that can-not be harmed by heat or fire. Then we hear it said of sharp, bright-look-ing eyes, “They are like a Bas-i-lisk’s;” and also of a great cit-y des-troyed by fire and soon re-built, that “it rose like a Phœ-nix from its ashes.”

You see, it takes the world a long, long time to for-get such things, though men come to know they do not, per-haps nev-er did ex-ist. We none of us know eve-ry-thing that has hap-pened in this world; so it is bet-ter to say, “I do not know,” than to be rude and say, “Why, that nev-er could have been,” or “I just don’t be-lieve that!”

These sto-ries were told long years a-go; those who told them then had heard them from their great grand-moth-ers, and they may have heard them from the geese fly-ing north in the spring-time.

THE PHŒ-NIX

Ov-id, a Ro-man phi-los-o-pher and po-et who lived just be-fore Christ be-gan his teach-ings, and who might have met Him when He was a boy of twelve con-fu-sing the Jew-ish teach-ers, tells this sto-ry of the Phœ-nix.

The Phœ-nix does not live on fruit or flow-ers, but on frank-in-cense and sweet smell-ing gums. When it has lived five hun-dred years, it builds it-self a nest in the branch-es of an oak, or on the top of a palm-tree. In this it col-lects cin-na-mon and spike-nard and myrrh, and of these builds a bed on which it lies down and breathes its last a-midst sweet o-dors. From the dead bod-y is-sues a young Phœ-nix, that, as soon as it grows strong, lifts its nest from the tree and car-ries it to the Tem-ple of the Sun in He-li-op-o-lis, E-gypt. Tac-i-tus, a Ro-man his-to-ri-an al-so living a-bout the time of Christ, says: "The mi-rac-u-lous bird, known to the world by the name of Phœ-nix, re-vis-it-ed E-gypt in the year 34, aft-er dis-ap-pear-ing for a-ges. It was at-tended in its flight by a flock of small birds, at-tract-ed by its nov-el-ty and beau-ty."

THE BAS-I-LISK

This was called the king of ser-pents and wore a crown on its head. There were sev-er-al kinds. One burned up what-ev-er it ap-proached; an-oth-er had a hor-rid lot of snake-like heads, wag-ging back and forth. Who-ev-er looked on these heads dropped dead. All things fled when the hiss of this mon-ster was heard; in this way he got all the good things to eat and the best of eve-ry-thing. The way to kill this Bas-i-lisk was to car-ry a mir-ror. When he was seen com-ing, reared up on the end of his tail, the mir-ror was held up be-fore him and the glare from his own eyes would kill him. This ug-ly mon-ster was a-fraid of a wea-sel and would run a-way cry-ing with fear, when he saw the lit-tle rat-kill-ers ap-proach-ing. And, real strange to re-late, the Bas-i-lisk would drop dead if he heard a roos-ter crow.

THE U-NI-CORN

A Ro-man, named Plin-y, who wrote a-bout an-i-mals he knew and did not know, told his schol-ars a-bout the U-ni-corn. He said it was a fe-ro-cious beast with the bod-y of a horse, the head of a deer, the feet of an el-e-phant, the tail of a pig, a deep, bel-low-ing voice and a sin-gle black horn com-ing from the cen-ter of its fore-head. This horn was for-ty inch-es long. He said it could not be ta-ken a-live; and that was the rea-son no one ev-er saw a u-ni-corn, not e-ven

Mr. Plin-y him-self. But it was a good sto-ry for the hunters, and for a long time they kept look-ing for u-ni-corns to shoot. The U-ni-corn seems to have been a good-na-tured mon-ster.

THE SAL-A-MAN-DER

Ben-ve-nu-to Cel-li-ni, an I-tal-ian art-ist, who lived a-bout the time of Chris-to-pher Co-lum-bus, tells this sto-ry of a Sala-man-der.

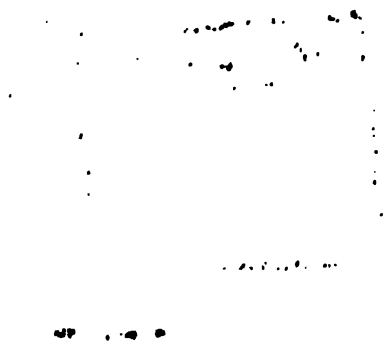
“When I was five years old my fa-ther look-ing in-to a wood fire saw a sal-a-man-der. He called my sis-ter and me to see it; aft-er I had ob-served it, he gave me a box on the ear. I cried; when he said, ‘My dear boy, I gave you that box on the ear that you might re-mem-ber to-day you have seen a Sal-a-man-der.’ Then he gave me some mon-ey.”

But there is doubt as to the ex-ist-ence of such a crea-ture; and if it ev-er did live it was a lit-tle chap for a mon-ster. But what-ev-er will re-sist fire is to-day called a “sal-a-man-der;” and the cloth made of as-bes-tos was at first sold as “sal-a-man-der’s wool.”

There are sto-ries of man-y other strange mon-sters, but I do not want to keep you a-wake dream-ing of them; so we will close this book by say-ing:

GOOD-NIGHT

May an-gels guard you while you sleep,
And from your home all dan-ger keep;
Then, hov’-ring o’er you when a-wake,
See that no naugh-ty ways you take.





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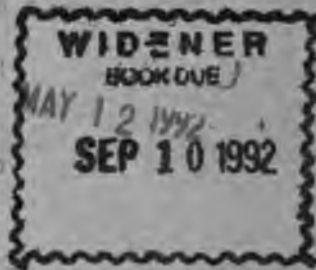
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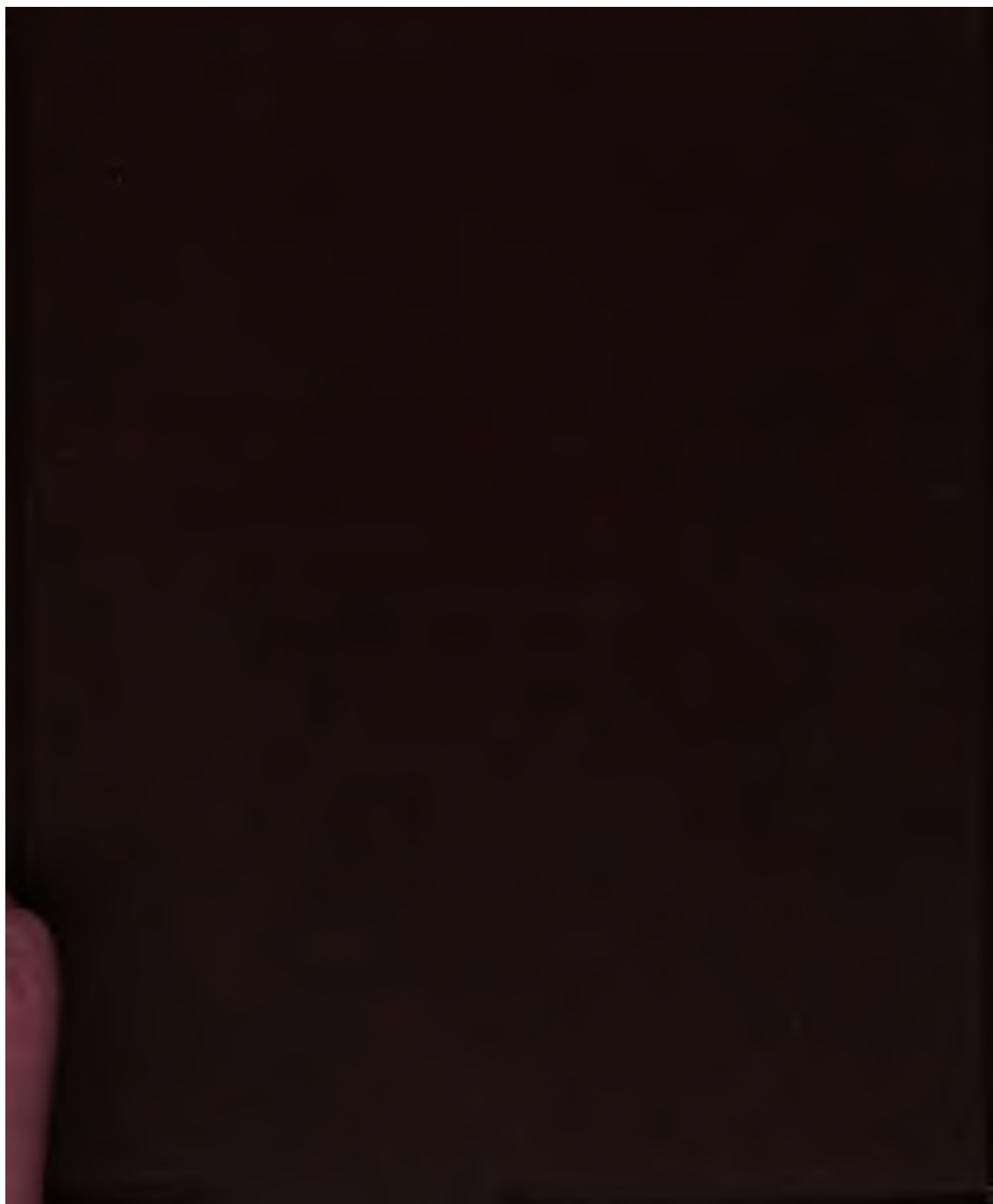
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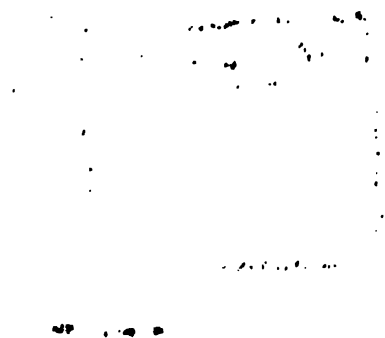
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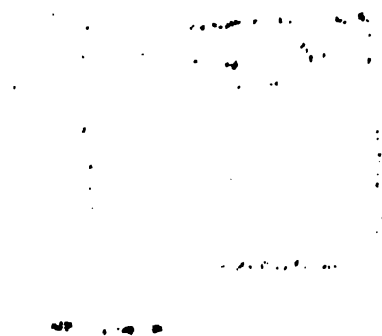
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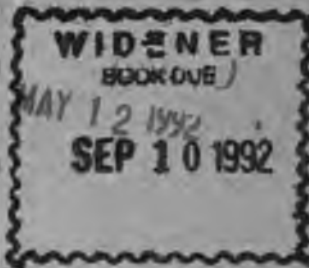
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